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The University of Pennsylvania

LIBRARY CHRONICLE

The University of Pennsylvania Library

Philadelphia

Vol. 4 No. 1 March, 1936

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Mrs ROBINSON.

The University of Pennsylvania

LIBRARY CHRONICLE

Issued Four Times a Year

By and For the Friends of the Library

Of the University of Pennsylvania

C. Seymour Thompson, *Editor*

Vol. 4 No. 1 March, 1936

FOURTH YEAR OF "THE FRIENDS"

The Friends of the Library have now entered upon their fourth year as an organization designed to stimulate interest in the Library of the University and to enrich its collections by gifts of money and of books. The first three years have abundantly shown the value of such an organization, and the Library has profited greatly from the generosity of the members. Contributions in money have made possible the purchase of many books which otherwise could not have been bought, and many valuable books have been given. We are grateful for all this assistance, and for the increased interest in the Library's service.

Annual membership in the Friends of the Library is open to everyone who gives to the Library five dollars or more in money, or books, suitable for a University Library, of not less than five dollars in value. Members receive invitations to the meetings, held once or twice a year, at which addresses are given by distinguished speakers, and receive also this quarterly publication, the *Library Chronicle*.

A helpful act of friendship would be for every member of the organization to secure one more Friend of the Library.

MARY ROBINSON (1758-1800)

By Dr. John C. Mendenhall

"During a tempestuous night, on the twenty-seventh of November, 1758, I first opened my eyes to this world of duplicity and sorrow. I have often heard my mother say, that a more stormy hour she never remembered. The wind whistled round the dark pinnacles of the minster tower, and the rain beat in torrents against the casements of her chamber. Through life the tempest has followed my footsteps." Thus, on the second page of her own *Memoirs,* wrote Mrs. Mary Robinson, "the exquisite Perdita" of latter-day biography, concerning herself and her nativity. Previously, with a graphic dramatic skill that alone would tend to verify the tradition of the theatrical talent which commanded the approval of the great Garrick and captivated the callow fancy of a very youthful "Prince Charming," whom history was later to know as George IV, Mrs. Robinson had opened her romantic narrative with a detailed description of the ancient "minster-house," set against the walls themselves of the venerable Cathedral, which had been half ruined in the Cromwellian wars, at the old British seaport of Bristol. The house, she tells us, stood in a corner of the cloisters, and by a winding stair communicated with the great aisle of the church itself. On that stair, a dark-eyed, serious little tot, she used to sit listening to the rumbling of the great organ during services. Later, grown stronger and bolder, she would push open the heavy door, and, seated at the foot of the huge eagle which was the lectern, remain throughout the services in a kind of solemn rapture at the chanting and the reading of the lessons. It was in an upper chamber of this strange mansion that she first opened her eyes on the wavering light of candles and blazing logs. Truly, as she herself felt in retrospect, it was a setting significant of her strange, eventful future. It might, indeed, have been a scene from one of those "Gothic" stories she composed in later life.

The family name of her father had been MacDermott, but in order, oddly enough, "to inherit an Irish estate," it had been changed toward the end of the preceding century to Darby. Her father, she records, was born in America, and to this continent his thoughts and his interests often turned. In her tenth year he formed, with some gestures of encouragement from the English government, a scheme of establishing whale-fisheries, by the exploitation of Eskimo labor for the fishing and subsequent processing, on the Labrador coast. After much effort and some preliminary success, the venture came to naught through a rebellion of the savage natives, who massacred the superintendents and burned the factories. The government failed to give expected assistance, and the greater part of Mr. Darby's fortune was lost. A more serious consequence and one that left an indelible impression upon his daughter, arose from the refusal of the delicate and sensitive Mrs. Darby to go with her husband into the western waste. Eventually he found a more courageous companion, and never became reconciled to his wife, though he contributed, as far as he was able, to her support, and felt a tyrannical affection for his daughter. A strong and rugged character, whose life was more or less one prolonged battle with adverse fate, he died gallantly, in command of a seventy-four gun ship, in the service of Catherine the Great of Russia.

The details of Mrs. Robinson's life are set forth with remarkable candour and precision in the *Memoirs* which she began about two years before her death, which occurred the day after Christmas, 1800. The mental no less than the intense physical sufferings of those last years prevented her bringing the work to that completion she doubtless planned, but the solemn injunction she laid upon her daughter to finish and to publish the *Memoirs* as written was faithfully fulfilled. The result is one of the most absorbing individual stories which that age of violently clashing ideals, of transition from Georgian self-possession to pre-Victorian perplexity, produced.

In reading her *Memoirs* one is soon impressed with the idea that Mrs. Robinson had an overwhelming desire to be

remembered as an individual, that she was one to whom kindness and disinterested affection meant everything, one who passionately wished that these qualities might govern the whole conduct of society. That they do not, she had been taught by experience, but although she accepted the fact as a general principle she never did so in individual instances. Like her mother, she had a fastidious love of elegance and ease. Viewed objectively, she was not only imprudent, but incurably an egoist, vain, and of an imperious and possessive disposition such as often arouses but can never retain a reciprocal interest. Like Byron a little later, she evinced a remarkable turn for morbid self-dramatization. One casually acquainted with the age will see in her candour, her insistent claim to tender consideration, her emotional unrestraint, an extreme example of the influence upon his century of one Jean-Jacques Rousseau. But Rousseau or no Rousseau, it is impossible to believe that Mrs. Robinson would have been other than she was, except that she might not have felt quite the same kind of overwhelming desire for public recognition through emotional self-confession. In short, by heritage, by early training, by nature itself, she was one of those born inescapably to be a Romantic.

Nothing could show this more clearly than the decisive event of her life, the decision which made her so morbid an object of interest to the world—and to herself. On the 3rd of December, 1779, the Royal Family commanded a performance at Drury Lane of Shakespeare's *A Winter's Tale*. Mrs. Robinson was then in her second season with the company. At the age of nineteen, in order, by her own account, to support a worthless husband, whom she had married at fifteen, and an infant daughter, she had yielded to a friend's solicitation and had an interview with the great Garrick and the famous Sheridan, then manager of the theater. The former had been charmed and had suggested *Juliet* for her maiden rôle. Since then, she had performed "with increasing approbation" more than a score of characters, in tragedy, comedy, and farce, and had "saved," she believed, Sheridan's

Trip to Scarborough from being damned on its first night. Of all her parts, she seems to have shone best in those of the tenderer, more pathetic Shakespearean heroines—Ophelia, Imogene, Cordelia, the Lady Anne (in *Richard III*) and Perdita, in *A Winter's Tale.* The last character, "though inconsiderable in itself, was rendered far otherwise by the tenderness, simplicity, and interesting sweetness that appeared throughout her representation of it." So some well-informed person, doubtless the editor himself, wrote in *Bellamy's Picturesque Magazine and Literary Museum* as a remembered fact years afterwards, in 1793, and adds, "it was in this character that she excited the admiration of an illustrious young personage."

That illustrious young person was heir apparent to the British throne. He made his admiration known through a letter conveyed to Mrs. Robinson by one of his companions and gentlemen-in-waiting, a Lord Malden. With a playful excess of sentiment, he signed the note Florizel! The lady at first was incredulous—or cautious—but impressed. Presently she was convinced. Then came the decision—a meeting by appointment one moonlight night in those loveliest of gardens at Kew. We should like to think it was in lilac time. It lasted but a very few minutes and there were several others present the whole time—the Prince's younger brother, and Lord Malden, through whom the interview had been arranged. The sound of company approaching from the palace sent Mrs. Robinson scurrying back with Lord Malden over the Thames and along midnight roads to London. In what a flurry her thoughts must have been! To have talked thus intimately with the highest personage but one in all the realm! To have felt, despite all that difference in rank, a congeniality of soul, a sensitive interest in each other, a conviction that each was tremblingly alive to all those delicate refinements of sentiment which the age summed up in that thrilling word sensibility! So Mrs. Robinson at least believed.

Other interviews followed, at first in the same romantic environs. "Our walks sometimes continued till past midnight,

the Duke of York and Lord Malden were always of the party, our conversation was composed of general topics. The Prince, had from his infancy been wholly secluded, and naturally took much pleasure in conversing about the busy world, its manners and pursuits, characters and scenery. Nothing could be more delightful or more rational than our midnight perambulations. I always wore a dark coloured habit; the rest of our party generally wrapped themselves in great coats to disguise them, excepting the Duke of York, who almost universally alarmed us by the display of a *buff* coat, the most conspicuous colour he could have selected for an adventure of this nature. The polished and fascinating ingenuousness of his Royal Highness's manners contributed not a little to enliven our *promenades.* He sung with exquisite taste; and the tones of his voice, breaking on the silence of the night, have often appeared to my entranced senses like more than mortal melody. Often have I lamented the distance which destiny had placed between us; how would my soul have idolized such a *husband!* Alas! how often, in the ardent enthusiasm of my soul, have I formed the wish that being were *mine alone!* to whom partial millions were to look up for protection."

So, some two years after this extraordinary dream had become a dream indeed, Mrs. Robinson wrote in a letter that was copied into the *Memoirs.* The strange impression which the description produces becomes poignant when later in the book the reader comes upon her

"Lines To Him Who Will Understand Them."

It has been thought that these were addressed to the Prince. Except for the date (they were published in 1791) they might as well have been addressed to that tempestuous son of Mars, Colonel Bannastre Tarleton, of evil memory in our southern colonies in the latter days of the Revolutionary War, with whom, upon his return from America, Mrs. Robinson formed a troublesome friendship which lasted sixteen years. Whoever is addressed is addressed from an overflowing heart.

"THOU art no more my bosom's Friend;
Here must the sweet delusion end,
That charm'd my senses many a year,
Thro' smiling summers, winters drear.
O, Friendship! am I doom'd to find
Thou art a phantom of the mind?
A glitt'ring shade, an empty name . . . ."

It would be unkind not to recall these lines when by chance one might come upon some of the gossip, some of the squibs about Florizel and Perdita, with which wicked old London was buzzing in those days.

Subsequent events we shall not trace in detail. It is to be hoped that we have succeeded in recalling, however faintly, the outlines of a romantic personality. Such impression as we may have made will, we trust, be strengthened by a glance at the charming portrait reproduced with this article. Taken from a miniature, it was originally published with the article already referred to in *Bellamy's Magazine*.

Long before this point our readers may have asked, "Why is Mrs. Robinson being commemorated in these pages?" It is because the University Library has recently acquired, as an addition to the Singer Memorial collection, an unusual memento of this fascinating lady. It is in the form of a fine copy which once belonged to her of Gregory's *Life of Thomas Chatterton*. That unfortunate "marvellous boy" was, like herself, it will be remembered, a native of Bristol. That and his poetry and his pathetic fate combined to interest Mrs. Robinson. On the blank leaves at the front of the volume—where more appropriately?—she composed a *Monody* to his memory. The dates, 1789 for the book and 1790 for the poem, may indicate that the acquisition of the former was the immediate inspiration of the latter.

Comparison of the manuscript with the printed version of the poem reveals Mrs. Robinson's taste in poetry as much in the changes shown as in the sentiments expressed. Besides

several verbal alterations, mostly for the better, one observes the cancellation of several lines which, upon examination, seem to have reference to material in the book she had just read. The omission represents both tactful consideration for the reader and a sense of artistic propriety. Even in a minor poetess, the working of creative consciousness is fraught with no small human interest. So unusual an association copy is no small addition to the collection of which it is now a part.

Space does not permit an extended notice of Mrs. Robinson's numerous writings. She was the author of several novels, one of the rarer of which, *Angelina,* also forms part of the Singer collection. In another, *Hubert de Sevrac, a Romance of the Eighteenth Century,* she tells a really absorbing story, despite its exaggerated "Gothicism," of an *émigré* French family in Italy. In this book, as in *Walsingham* and the unfinished *Jasper,* an imaginative reader is reminded vaguely in numerous passages of Dickens and of Charlotte Bronté, though in nineteenth century literature such works rank rather with the *Heir of Redclyffe's* or the *Cast Up by the Sea's* than with the masterpieces of romance; certainly, however, they help furnish an historic background, if no more, for both the one and the other.

It was, however, as a poetess, that on the whole her contemporaries chiefly praised her. Hers was, not unnaturally, a pensive muse, partial to odes and sonnets. Not long after her marriage, her husband's imprisonment for debt inspired a poem on *Captivity,* which attracted the attention of the beautiful and philanthropic Duchess of Devonshire. After the intoxicating dream of splendid sensibility had faded, the vaporous sentiment of the Della Cruscan school for a time engulphed her, like other lonely questing souls, in its soothing mists. In 1791, J. Bell, bookseller to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, printed for her by subscription, at one guinea the copy, her collected poems. The list of subscribers is headed by four royal princes of the British ruling house, and by their Serene Highnesses, the Duke of Orleans, who had entertained her in France, and Ferdinand, Duke of Wurtem-

berg. It will be noted, perhaps with some surprise, that the volume contains her *Ainsi va le Monde,* dedicated to Robert Merry, arch-dilettante and arch-rebel, in which, as plainly as in *Hubert de Sevrac,* though less picturesquely, she speaks her sentiments on the French Revolution. Here, too, at the end of the volume are two Gothic tales which anticipate Coleridge's and her own later efforts, though examples of the type are not wanting from the time of Parnell's *Hermit* early in the century. As editor of a Poet's Corner in a London daily she composed in the last months of her life numerous similar pieces, alternately with pathetic tales of peasant life such as Wordsworth favored, though it is to be supposed that she wrote these also in compliance with an established custom rather than with *Lyrical Ballads* open before her. Finished but a few days before her last fatal illness, the plaintive harmony and wild theme of *The Savage of Aveyron* deserves special mention. She was fully abreast of the new currents then sweeping into English literature.

One little detail of the *Poems* is further significant of a changing age. It is prefaced by a portrait of the author, engraved from the portrait painted of her by Reynolds. Though anticipated in a way by the portraits of "Della Crusca" and "Anna Matilda" in the *British Album,* such self-advertisement, especially with the living author's own name given, represents an emotional self-abandon which is poles asunder from Augustan habits of decorum and self-restraint. We are reminded of Goethe's final judgment concerning romanticism—that it is not health.

However that may be, for all her vanity, her vaporing, her *empressement,* Mrs. Robinson had an essential honesty and independence of character which never failed to attract friendship. After she had begun seriously to pursue authorship, her most interesting friends were of the same profession. Amongst them one finds the virile and robust "Peter Pindar," J. Wolcot, M.D. Eight days before her death he wrote from London:

"My dear friend,

I have just heard that you have been exceedingly unwell: for God's sake do not be foolish enough to die yet, as you possess stamina for an hundred years, and a poetical mind that cannot be soon replaced. Leave Englefield-green then for London, and let us enjoy our usual laugh and whim. I am much older than you, and yet, I think the Devil at a great distance. . . . . Adieu, my good friend; live long and court the Muse." She who could provoke so hearty a letter from such a man must have been indeed a woman of unusual appeal.

DR. NEWTON'S LECTURES

Three most interesting lectures were delivered in January by Dr. A. Edward Newton, under the A. S. W. Rosenbach Fellowship in Bibliography. The subjects treated by Dr. Newton were "Bibliography and Pseudo-Bibliography;" "Book-Catalogues;" and "Essays and Essayists." The auditorium of Houston Hall was filled to capacity for the lectures, and many inquiries have been received concerning their publication. They will appear in book-form in the fall, published by the University Press under the title of the first lecture, "Bibliography and Pseudo-Bibliography."

A SIXTEENTH CENTURY TEXTBOOK ON ISLAMIC MEDICINE

By Muhammad A. Simsar

A lithographed copy of a textbook on Islamic medicine, in the Persian language, was located in the stacks in the University Library nearly a year ago. It was in fairly good condition, but some of its pages were loose and its leather covers were somewhat damaged. It was sent to the repair-room, and now stands a good chance to preserve its valuable contents for many years to come.

The book is 28 inches by 19 inches and contains 209 pages of text. The binding is of red leather with heavily pressed designs. These designs, which are only on the exterior of the covers, are of a large oblong medallion with double pendants above and below. The decorations in the corner-angles harmonize in style with the center, and the field is framed with a single border. Its paper is light brown, glazed, and of medium weight. The writing is in beautiful Nasta'līq hand, 21 lines to a page in black-ruled columns. In extremely wide margins there are notes on each page in small Nasta'līq in the hand of the same calligrapher, whose name is not given. These notes on the margins are numbered, and consist of footnotes, additions, and corrections by a physician named 'Alī Ḥusayn. In case of specific references the authorities and the titles of their works are cited.

The volume is entitled "Mīzān-al-Tibb Ma' Risāil-i-Dīkar," or the "Balance of Medicine and Other Treatises," and includes three different texts. It has also a table of contents, an index of simple and composite drugs, and a list of errata. Decorative 'unwāns, or title-pieces, drawn in black ink, introduce the separate works. The three works were lithographed on stone and bound in Iran in the year 1263 A.H. (1846 A.D.) under the auspices of Mawlawī Hājī Muḥammad Ḥusayn.

The author of Mīzān-al-Ṭibb is Muḥammad Arzānī, surnamed Muḥammad Akbar, who professes to have composed it for the instruction of poor medical students, who could not procure the rare and costly manuscripts of their day. The arrangement of the text is exactly the same as that of the usual medical books of the early days; that is, it treats all diseases and gives prescriptions for them. The contents are divided into three sections. In the first section the four symptoms or qualities, namely, heat, cold, moisture, and dryness, are explained. In the second section, a short pharmacopoeia of simple and composite drugs is given. In the last section, which constitutes the bulk of the work, various diseases from head downward are described. This part is divided into twenty-five chapters, and each chapter is divided into many parts. The date 942 A.H. (1535 A.D.) appears on the colophon in the form of a chronogram, or series of words containing letters the sum of the numerical value of which gives the date of the event.

The second book is entitled "Risālayi-Dalāyilu'l Nabḍ," or "Treatise on Symptoms of the Pulse," and bears in a chronogram the same date as the first book. The third book, called "Risālayi-Dalāyilu'l Bowl," or "Treatise on Symptoms of Urine," is undated. The authors of these last two books, although not specifically mentioned, must be identical, for the last one seems from its context to be a continuation of the other. The two treatises are rather short, but contain many interesting tables and material.

Until very recent times it was maintained that the Muslims were merely copyists of the Greeks, and that they contributed nothing to the evolution of science in general. That this was not so has been proved by the discoveries of numerous manuscripts which reveal that the Muslims were not content merely with translating Greek works (which afterwards came back to Europe through the Latin), but that they produced many original and useful works themselves. It is true that they based their research in the different branches of science on the

Graeco-Byzantine and Sāsānian cultures, but their work assumed a different character and showed an originality which is readily distinguished from the works of their predecessors.

Until the eleventh century, the scholars in Islamic lands composed their scientific works in Arabic, which was then the learned language of the Muslim world. Shortly after this period one meets what may be called a national scientific literature in different Islamic countries. I have used the term "Islamic", which is preferable to "Arabian," for this scientific literature in the Arabic language was for the most part produced by Syrians, Iranians, Jews, and only to a small extent by Arabs. On the other hand, the term Islamic falls short of expressing the actual condition, as there were many Christians, Zoroastrians, and Jews among these Arabic scholars. However, the term Islamic seems the most satisfactory to designate the period and the area within which this scientific literature was produced.

Islamic science is for the most part Greek in its origin, but it is also imbued with many Indian, Iranian, and Syrian doctrines and ideas. The assimilation of Greek learning had begun long before the great revival, or the Golden Age, under the 'Abbāsid Caliphs at Baghdad. Al-Qiftī, in his "Tārīkhu'l Hukamā," or "History of Philosophers," mentions a certain Yaḥya an-Naḥwī, or "John the Grammarian," who enjoyed the patronage of 'Amr ibnu'l-'Ās, the conqueror and the first Muslim governor of Egypt. He was a Jacobite bishop at Alexandria who denounced the doctrine of the Trinity, and thus became popular among the Arabs. He was a great Greek scholar and is said to have translated many books. Shortly after his time Greek works were translated by other scholars for the Umayyad prince Khālid ibn Yazīd in Egypt. But it was not until the middle of the eighth century that the wholesale absorption of the Greek and other ancient learning began at Baghdad under the brilliant reign of the 'Abbāsid Caliphs.

As far as medicine is concerned, the tradition of the old Sāsānian school of Jundī-Shāpūr was dominant. This school,

once very celebrated and popular, though now a mere name, was located in the province of Khuzistān in southwestern Iran. The city Jundī-Shāpūr was founded in the third century by Shāpūr I, the son of Ardashir Bābakān, the founder of the great Sāsānian dynasty. Shāpūr, the captor of Emperor Valerian, sacked the famous city of Antioch, and built, at the place called in Syriac Bêth Lâpât, a town which he named Veh-az-Andev-i-Shāpūr, or "Shapur's 'Better than Antioch'," a name which was later changed into Gunda Shāpūr or, in Arabic, Jundī-Sābūr. The school at Jundī-Shāpūr owed its development to the Byzantine intolerance which in the fifth century drove the Nestorians from their school at Edessa. These Nestorians sought refuge in Iran, where they were very warmly received. At the time of Shāpūr II (310-379), the school was under the leadership of a Greek physician named Theodosius or Theodorus. He was a Christian, but he obtained much favor and honor in Iran; Shāpūr actually caused a church to be built for him and at his request freed a number of Greeks who were held as captives.

During the sixth century, Khusraw Anūshīrawān, the Chosroes of the Greeks and the Kisra of the Arabs, sent his physician Burzūya to India, who along with the game of chess and the well-known book of "Kalīla and Dimna," brought back to Iran Indian works on medicine and possibly Indian physicians. Thus, at the time of the birth of the Prophet Muḥammad, the school of Jundī-Shāpūr was at the height of its glory. Greek and Oriental learning, the former to a certain extent directly through Greek scholars, but to a greater extent through the Syrians, were assimilated and united into one. It was Sergius of Ra'su'l-'Ayn, who first translated Hippocrates and Galen into Syriac. But while the medical teaching at Jundī-Shāpūr was, in the main, Greek, there was an underlying current of Iranian influence; for example, in Pharmacology the Arabic nomenclature in many instances plainly reveals Iranian origin.

The two glorious periods of pre-Islamic Iran, namely the

Achaemenian (550-330 B.C.) and the Sāsānian (226-640 A.D.) were terminated by foreign invasions, Greek in the first case, Arab in the second. Both invasions were so severe and destructive that practically nothing but a mere fragment of these preceding civilizations remains. So far as medicine is concerned, there is some information remaining in the Avesta, or Bible of the Zoroastrians, the followers of the ancient religion of Iran. It speaks of three classes of physicians, physicians by prayers, physicians by herbs, and physicians by instruments; which undoubtedly refers to priests, physicians, and surgeons. It states further that a Persian surgeon had first to experiment upon unbelievers; if three of these died under his hands he was considered incapable and was forbidden to practice. However, if he should cure all the three he was qualified to act as a surgeon. The Avesta also fixes the amount of medical fees and requires of the physicians the treatment of animals, especially of dogs.

But the medical school at Jundī-Shāpūr must have been little affected by the Arab invasion during the seventh century. For it seems to have survived the invasion and even to have exerted great influence later upon the Muslims, especially during the reign of the 'Abbāsid Caliphs of Baghdad. In the year 765 A.D., when the second Caliph al-Manṣūr was stricken with an illness which baffled his court physicians, he summoned Jūrjīs the son of Bukht-Yishū' (a half-Persian, half-Syrian name, meaning "Jesus hath delivered") who was the chief physician of the Bīmāristān, or the hospital at Jundī-Shāpūr. Jūrjīs was kept for four years in Baghdad as court physician. His father's family remained distinguished in medicine for over two hundred and fifty years. Ḥunayn ibn Isḥak, another physician at Jundī-Shāpūr, surnamed the miracle of learning, was celebrated as the most productive translator of Greek works. He and his pupils are said to have translated ten works of Hippocrates and sixteen of Galen. Other groups of translators followed, and by the tenth century the Muslims had at their disposal excellent translations of most of the

philosophical and scientific writings of the Greeks.

Following this period of translation and of transmission comes a period of active original production. The schools at Baghdad and at other centers were founded, and a new method in science was devised and practiced. This was practical observation, the study of the cases with their causes and their effects. Unfortunately this method, which enabled the Islamic scholars to make interesting discoveries in other fields such as astronomy and chemistry, could not be carried out successfully in medicine; for the prohibition of dissection and autopsy prevented them from making important anatomical discoveries. Nevertheless, despite this handicap, by their philosophical teachings they virtually anticipated many modern discoveries.

A Persian book entitled "Chahār Maqala," or the "Four Discourses," composed about 1155 A.D. by a court-poet of Samarqand named Niẓāmi-ī-'Arūḍī, contains an interesting account of Islamic medicine. The author has devoted four discourses respectively to secretaries of state, poets, astrologers, and physicians. In this last-named class he includes many Muslim physicians. Of the prominent medical writers of the Islamic period in Iran, says 'Arūḍī, the best known is Abū Muḥammad ibn Zakariyyā of Ray, whom the medieval Latinists called Rhaziz. He wrote many works on medicine, but his principal work is "al-Hāwī," translated into Latin as "Liber Continens." He also wrote a treatise on eruptive fevers, and a monograph on stones in the bladder and kidneys. Rāzī died in 923 A.D. The next great physician was 'Alī ibnu'l- 'Abbās al-Majūsī (the Magian or Zoroastrian), known in Europe in the Middle Ages as Haly Abbas. His well-known "Kitābu'l-Malikī," was translated into Latin as "Liber Regius" and was published for the first time at Lyons in 1523. A later physician was Abū Ḥusayn 'Alī ibn Sīnā, generally known in Europe as Avicenna. He was entitled "ash-Shaykhu'r-Ra'īs," or the "Chief Master." He produced, according to some authorities, over one hundred volumes,

among them an important treatise on "Cardiac Drugs" which still remains unpublished. But his Qānūn is by far his largest and most famous work; it has been translated into Latin and published several times. He died in 1036 A.D. But notwithstanding the great celebrity achieved by Ibn Sīnā, Rāzī, by virtue of his clinical observations, ranks perhaps highest among all the physicians produced by Islam.

At the time medicine and other sciences were rapidly developing in Mesopotamia and Iran, the foundations of a brilliant Muslim civilization were being laid in North Africa and in Spain under the Umayyad dynasty of the Western Caliphate (755-1036 A.D.), and Islamic culture was reaching its height. Many illustrious names are associated with Moorish medicine. In the tenth century Cordova produced the greatest surgeon of the Arab race, Abu'l-Qāsimaz-Zahrāwī, known to Latin Europe as Abulcasis. His principal work was an encyclopaedia of medicine and surgery called "al-Taṣrīf," which has been translated five times into Latin. In the twelfth century lived the famous Ibn-Rushd, known in Europe as Averroes. His main work was "Kitāb-al-Kulliyyāt," transliterated in the Latin as Colligat; it was a résumé of medical science. During the same century flourished Mūsā ibn Maymūn, also of Cordova and known in medieval Europe as Maimonides, who came from a prominent Jewish family. He translated the Qānūn of Ibn Sīnā into Hebrew. He wrote many original works, among which his treatise on poisons is considered the most important.

Turning now again to Iran, we find the twelfth century to be remarkable for the development of a national medical and scientific literature; but of it very scanty traces now remain. At this period Arabic still remained the chief language of philosophical and theological thought throughout the lands of Islam, as Latin was in medieval Europe, but several medical works appeared in Persian. Of these, the Ḍakhīra-i-Khwārazmshāhī," or the "Treasure of the King of Khwārazm," is the best known. It was composed by Zaynu'd-

Dīn Ismā'īl of Gurgān who was the court-physician at Khiwa. It still remains unpublished, but there is a good manuscript copy of it in a library in Istanbul. The same physician composed other works on materia medica and pharmacy; they are mentioned in "Chahār-Maqala," which was written only twenty years after his death. The following centuries saw the end of the dominant position occupied by Arabic in medical science. But Arabic writings of former masters were still freely used as textbooks, and referred to as original sources. After the introduction of modern European medicine and medical textbooks these old books fell into disuse and were neglected. Nevertheless, translations of the ancient Greeks and original works by Islamic writers are responsible for the development and growth of medicine in Europe. Islam must not be judged only by its conquests and glories but also by the influence which it has exercised on the literature, the art, and the science of the modern world.

THE "KIPLING MEETING"

One of the most enjoyable of all the meetings that have been conducted under the auspices of the Friends of the Library was held in the reading room of the Library on the evening of March 17. The following account of the meeting, by Victor Henderson, appeared in the *Philadelphia Inquirer* of March 18, and is reprinted here with the permission of the *Inquirer*.

With scores of unique or rare items from his unrivaled Kipling collection of a thousand items arranged in cases to illustrate his remarks, Ellis Ames Ballard talked about the great English poet last night. He spoke in the University Library, to guests invited by the Friends of the Library of the University of Pennsylvania, with A. Edward Newton, president of that organization, presiding.

"Did you know that the name was Joseph Rudyard Kipling?" asked Mr. Ballard. "So he was listed in the program which I have of the school play of 1878—when he was 12—in which he played 'Sir Anthony Absolute.'

"His favorite teacher at Westward Ho—the United Services College—was the Latin teacher who appears as 'King' in 'Stalky & Co.' Kipling sent him occasional clippings of verses and tales he wrote in India—I've two of those particular clippings.

"I've Kipling's own copy of his first book, 'Schoolboy Lyrics,' privately printed by his father before he was 16, and also his mother's copy of his second book, 'Echoes,' inscribed in his writing: 'To Mater.' In 1899 or 1900 the son of a London dealer telephoned to me that he had Kipling's mother's copy of Kipling's first two books and wanted to show them to me. He asked $1000 for them. It was hard times. I told him I hadn't any money.

"But my wife always has abetted me as a collector. She told me that when a collector has a chance to acquire something like that either he has to pay the price—or be sorry ever after—and that we could eat stew and frizzled beef for a year.

"So I bought the two books. Then I asked the young Englishman to stay and have supper with us. He said he couldn't possibly. I urged him. Finally he explained, saying: 'I was married at noon today and my bride is waiting for me at Broad St. Station.' I let him go.

"In that case yonder is the 'baby tied with a string'—Kipling's first commercially printed book, made to look like an official envelope.

"In one of Kipling's 'From Sea to Sea' letters he tells how he became enamored of 'a Burmese girl sitting at the foot of a flight of steps'—remember 'Mandalay'? In that case, too, are seven of the 'Indian Railway Library' series.

"In that case is everything Kipling wrote or printed in India.

"At least one hundred and fifty stories written by Kipling for the Indian newspapers have never been collected and after he had completed the Indian Railway Library Series, in which many of the best stories were included, his publishers attempted to put out without his authority additional stories from the Indian newspapers, first under the title of 'The City of Dreadful Night and Other Sketches' and later, under the title of 'The Smith Administration'. Because of Kipling's protests, these publications were killed and all of the 3,000 copies which had been printed were cancelled. In the case of 'The City of Dreadful Night and Other Sketches', there is but one known copy, which you will see in this first case. In the case of 'The Smith Administration', we know of five copies, the last of which was bought at auction by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach for a client for $14,000. I believe it eventually found its way into the library of Owen D. Young.

"Start in the game early, and with the right fellow—that's the way to gather such a collection."

Mr. Ballard quoted much from Kipling's poems, with fervent appreciation. And he commented:

"Its the fashion to say he wasn't a poet. He wasn't the equal of Keats—but he ranks with David, Homer and Chaucer."

THE EXHIBIT

The following is a list of the various items which were on display in the reading room, March 17-24.

Schoolboy Lyrics. Kipling's own copy of his first book.
Another copy. His mother's bound.
Echoes. Kipling's second book. The copy he sent home to his mother with the dedicatory poem on the fly-leaf.
Departmental Ditties, with flap. Kipling's first published book.
Plain Tales from the Hills. One of six copies, bound in plain covers.
Plain Tales from the Hills. First commercial edition, with picture of Simla stamped on cover.
Page of Kipling's Literary Diary.
Soldiers Three. In an unfinished cover. The only copy.
The Indian Railway Library Series, in the order of their publication, with Letters of Marque, No. 1 (one of three known copies), in the same format as Indian Railway Library Series.
The City of Dreadful Night and Other Sketches. Suppressed. The only known copy.
The Smith Administration. Suppressed. One of five known copies.
Three Poems, which appeared in the Indian magazines:
The Seven Nights of Creation. One of two copies.
The Vision of Hamid Ali. Only copy.
The Ballad of Ahmed Shah. The only copy (manuscript).
Letters of Marque. Partly suppressed.

Turnovers, Vol. 1. (1888). Reprint of series of tales from "The Civil and Military Gazette," edited by Kipling.

The Jungle Books. The English editions.

Kim. The only copy with the year 1900 on title-page. It was not published in book form until October, 1901.

Kim. Presentation copy of the first edition.

The White Man's Burden. American copyright edition presented to J. L. Thompson.

Page from Proofs of Indian Railway Library Series, prepared for English edition.

The Glory of the Garden. The only copy with a misprint in the fourth line.

The Female of the Species, showing (1) the page as prepared for copyright and (2) the page as reprinted because "The Ladies Home Journal" did not like to advertise cigarette smoking. Note change in illustration.

The Absent-Minded Beggar. Special edition with music by Sir Arthur Sullivan. This copy autographed by both Kipling and Sullivan, with a line of the music in Sullivan's hand and autographed by him.

Kipling's start of The Brushwood Boy, with his first writing of the poem, The City of Sleep.

The Last Chanty. An autographed copy written out by Kipling for Miss Bridson in 1897.

The Song of an Outsider. Ms. of an unpublished autographed poem by Kipling. Probably written in 1882.

Copy of a verse from Pharoah and the Sergeant. Written out for a wounded Sergeant in South Africa.

Four autographed letters:

1. Explaining why he called Pertinax a Centurion, though he rated a higher title. All children would know that a centurion was a man of authority.
2. Letter advising a brother author not to start his literary career with one foot in a cowpath, to wit: "Town Topics."
3. Letter to Edmund Gosse, criticising The Rhyme of The Three Captains.
4. Letter to an officer in the Philippines predicting in 1911 the World War and its issue.

Photographic copy of a poem written by Kipling to a club at Yale in 1896, declining an invitation to their banquet.

Photographic copy of manuscript of "If," written out from memory by Kipling for the late Edward W. Bok.

Faith Cup of the White Men. Original cable sent by Kipling to Toronto in 1900 to stimulate enlistments for the Boer War. (Misprint of 1890 for 1900).

Recessional. First printing by "The Times," London.
Recessional. First printing in America.
The Vampire. First printing in America.
The Gypsy Trail. First printing in America.
Cold Iron. Copyright issue of one of the Rewards and Fairies stories.
The Elephant's Child. Copyright issue.
Pan in Vermont. English copyright issue.
Miscellaneous collection. Copyright issues. Some of Kipling's later work.

RECENT ACQUISITIONS

Among books recently purchased for the Library with money contributed by members of the Friends, are the following:

Blochet, Edgar. *Musulman painting, XIIth to XVIIth century, translated from the French by C. M. Binyon.* 1929. (12 plates in color and 188 in collotype.)

Buchan, James W., ed. *A history of Peeblesshire.* 3 vols. 1925-27.

Byron, Robert and Rice, David I. *The birth of Western painting; a history of colour, form, and iconography . . . . .* 1931.

Calendar of ancient records of Dublin, in the possession of the municipal corporation of that city . . . . 17 vols. 1889-1916. (Facsimile illustrations.)

Campbell, John L. *Highland songs of the Forty-five; edited and translated with glossary and notes.* 1933.

Dow, George F. *Every-day life in the Massachusetts Bay colony.* 1935.

Furst, Herbert E. L. *Portrait painting, its nature and function.* 1927.

Goss, C. W. F. *The London directories, 1677-1855; a bibliography, with notes on their origin and development.* 1932.

Green, Valentine. *The history and antiquities of the city and suburbs of Worcester.* London, 1796.

Habington, William. *The historie of Edward the Fourth, King of England.* London, 1640.

Hamilton, John A. *Byzantine architecture and decoration.* 1934.

Heckethorn, Charles W. *The printers of Basle in the XVth and XVIth centuries; their biographies, printed books, and devices.* 1897.

Hind, Arthur M. *An introduction to a history of woodcut, with a detailed survey of work done in the 15th century.* 2 vols. 1935.

Hope, W. H. St. John. *Windsor Castle; an architectural history, collected and written by command of their Majesties* . . . . 1913.

Lamb, Charles. *The letters of Charles Lamb, to which are added those of his sister, Mary Lamb; edited by E. V. Lucas.* 3 vols. 1935.

Lenhart, John M. *Pre-Reformation printed books; a study in statistical and applied bibliography.* 1935. ("A general statistical survey of the production of printers up to the year 1520.")

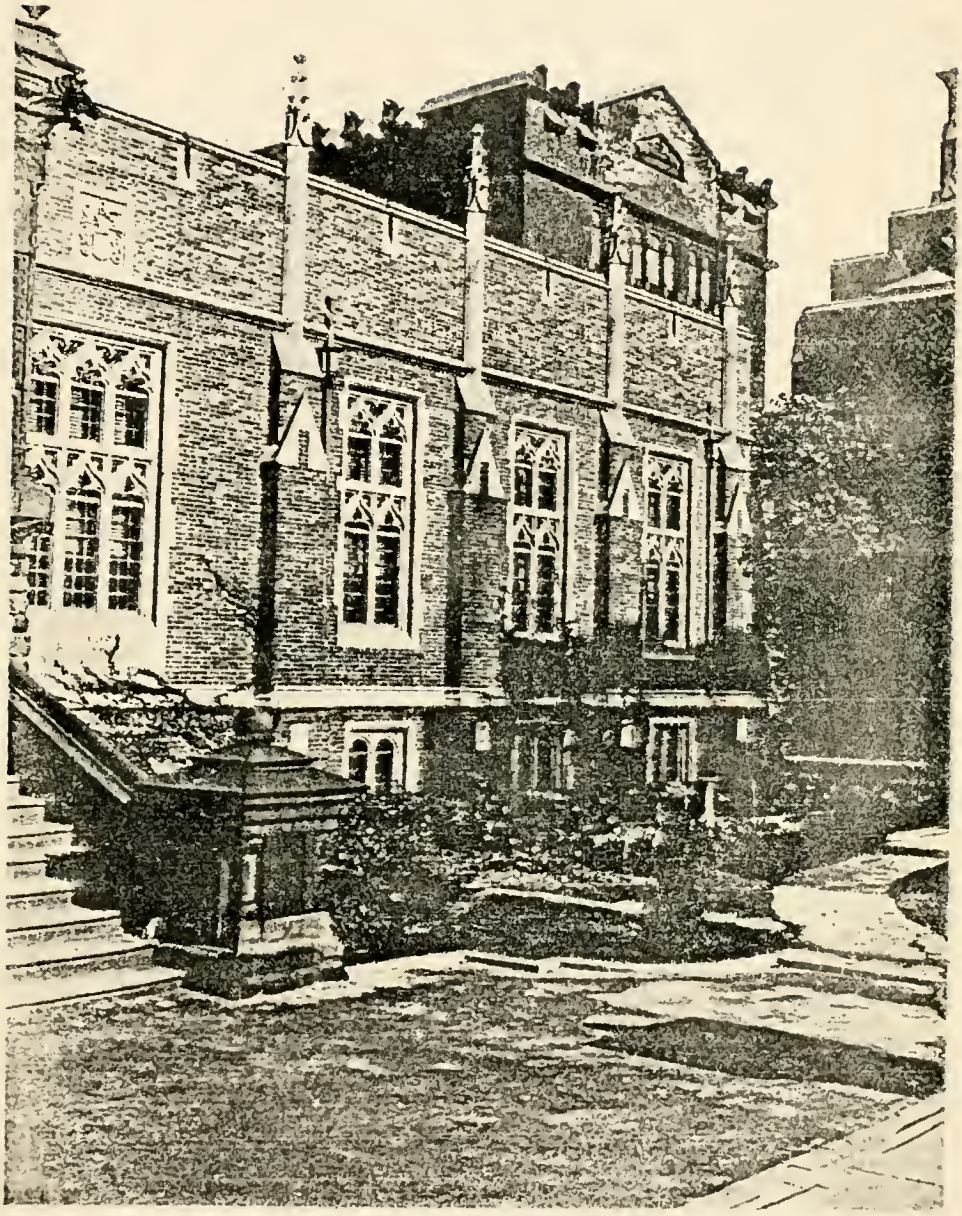
Lippmann, Friedrich. *The art of wood-engraving in Italy in the fifteenth century.* 1888.

Littlefield, George E. *Early Boston booksellers.* 1642-1711. 1900.

Sparrow, Walter S. *A book of British etching, from Francis Barlow to Francis Seymour Haden.* 1926.

Willoughby, Harold R. *The Coverdale psalter and the quatro-centenary of the printed English Bible . . . . with a facsimile reproduction of the psalter.* 1935.

Special acknowledgment is due Dr. A. Edward Newton for a recent gift of $500., a most welcome addition to the funds available for the purchase of books for the Library.



The Shakespeare Garden

THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

LIBRARY CHRONICLE

ISSUED FOUR TIMES A YEAR

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C. SEYMOUR THOMPSON, *Editor*

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THE SHAKESPEARE GARDEN

We devote this issue of the *Chronicle* to a description of the recently enlarged garden of flowers and plants mentioned by Shakespeare in his plays and poems, which beautifies the approach to the Library building from the southern side of the campus and gives added interest to the Horace Howard Furness Memorial; and, in connection with this description, a carefully compiled list of the plants, vegetables, and trees (nearly two hundred in number) that are mentioned by Shakespeare.

Eleanour Sinclair Rohde, in her "Shakespeare's Wild Flowers," says: "Shakespeare looked at wild flowers not as a botanist, but as a countryman looks at them. Every word he wrote about the familiar denizens of the meadows, fields, and hedgerows of Warwickshire, the glades of the Forest of Arden, and the banks of the Avon, testifies to his keen powers of observation and his delight in the beauty and fragrance of wild flowers. Milton's references to flowers savour of the study, but there is fresh air and the beauty of living flowers in all that Shakespeare wrote of them."

The Library is deeply indebted to the good friends mentioned by Dr. Krumbhaar who have made possible the development of the Shakespeare Garden, and to Dr. Krumbhaar himself, to whose constant active interest we owe much.

A "SHAKESPEARE GARDEN" ON THE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS

By Dr. E. B. Krumbhaar

Among the evidences of Shakespeare's genius none is more convincing than the extraordinary breadth of knowledge that is exhibited without effort in his works. Allusions to flowers, shrubs, trees and vegetables abound in them. In his book on Shakespeare's flora, Savage lists one hundred and eighty-seven plants, all of which were mentioned by Shakespeare in such a way as to show that he knew what he was talking about. Some of his allusions, to be sure, to plants that were not found in England, were necessarily culled from written sources; but many more refer to the flowers and trees of the fields and hedgerows of England and show the more complete appreciation of personal knowledge. Never were the allusions made as a display of learning, but always spontaneously and aptly, to illustrate a meaning or beautify a phrase. Even the most casual reader of Shakespeare recalls with pleasure Titania's

> . . . bank where the wild thyme blows,
> Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
> Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
> With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine . . .
>
> *Midsummer-night's dream,* ii.1,249-252.

But most of us unfortunately must go to such books as Savage's *Shakespeare's Flora & Folk-lore* or Ellacombe's *The Plant-lore & Garden-craft of Shakespeare* to find such bits as

> When daisies pied and violets blue
> And lady-smocks all silver-white
> And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
> Do paint the meadows with delight . . .
>
> *Love's labour's lost,* v.2,904-907.

> Oxlips in their cradles growing,
> Marigolds on death-beds blowing
> Larks-heels trim.
>
> *Two noble kinsmen,* i.1,10-12.

The opportunity to illustrate such passages in the beauty of the living plant has long been utilized at Stratford. The attractive borders at the birthplace house, now reinforced by the more formal gardens at New Place, and the charming Hathaway cottage borders and nursery, are splendid examples of the combined aesthetic and educational value of such productions. Small wonder that this example has been followed elsewhere, especially in this country where Shakespeare is at least as much appreciated as in his own country. A list of existing Shakespeare gardens throughout the world would be an interesting addition to the Stratford memorabilia.

At the University of Pennsylvania the inauguration of the Horace Howard Furness Memorial four years ago gave a natural impetus to plans for the formation of such a garden on the University campus. At the suggestion of Mrs. Penniman, I think it was, a beginning was made in the small border immediately in front of the Furness wing of the Library. Some thirty varieties were collected, each clump with its label giving the common and botanical names and reference to the lines in Shakespeare's plays and poems where the allusion to the plant is made. Despite the limitations of border space and a considerable mortality from winter-killing and summer-baking, the collection has grown slowly, and the considerable interest that it has aroused is shown by the number of passers-by who have stopped to look and learn or even to comment.

It was only when the aid of members of the Garden Club, Mrs. Crosby Brown, Mrs. John Gibbon, and Mrs. Duncan Whelen, was enlisted that the attempt was made to procure more adequate space. Through the help of Mrs. Gates, Dr. Charles Burr, and a few others, it was possible to replace a little-used stretch of limiting driveway and its underlying brickbats with an attractive flagstone "crazy" pavement and good top soil which will permit a proper development of informal shrubs and borders and perhaps one or two small formal rectangular knot gardens. The generous gift of a box hedge from Mrs. Clement B. Wood, a relative of Horace Howard Furness, has just made the first of these an accomplished fact.

Professor Dawson of the Fine Arts Department has given generously of his time and ability in planning an artistic development, and Mr. Roy Ford has been most helpful in accomplishing these changes on a very restricted budget, and in the face of many unavoidable demands on the time of himself and his staff.

Cooperation with our efforts was kindly given abroad by Mr. Frederick Wellstood, Secretary of the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust, Sir Arthur Hill, the Director of Kew Gardens, Mr. E. M. Marsden-Jones, an amateur of old-fashioned plants at Potterne in Wiltshire, and other British friends. An opportune visit to England last summer was the means of securing not only specimens of the various roses of Shakespeare's time, from Messrs. Bunyard of Maidstone (Bobbink and Atkins, of Rutherford, N. J., by the way, also supply most of them), but also seeds of more than thirty varieties, chiefly from Stratford, that can be obtained with difficulty or not at all in this country. These are being raised for us at the Morris Arboretum and the Botanical Department under the careful supervision of Mr. James Lambert and should prove a noteworthy addition to our present collection.

In the larger space now available in front of the Furness Memorial, it is hoped that we may in time be able to include not only some specimen shrubs and trees mentioned by Shakespeare, but also a small enclosed "curious knotted garden," and perhaps another informal "garden of pleasant flowers," a bank of thyme and honeysuckle, an Elizabethan kitchen garden, and even corners for the many "weeds"—wild flowers out of place—that the poet introduces.

The knot gardens of Shakespeare's New Place and of Hampton Court come first to mind in suggesting this Tudor development of geometrical designs, edged with box, pinks or thyme, and walks of gravel, sand or turf. Within the beds, for us necessarily small and of simple design, can be assembled the roses, delphiniums and other aristocrats of the garden. Perhaps even a central sundial or fountain may in time be possible. The enticing suggestion has been made by

Professor Schelling that a pedestal should be designed for a sundial symbolizing the relation of the garden to the poet. Certainly there would be no lack of apt quotations to inscribe on the dial or armillary, such as Perdita's "Here's flowers for you," Derby's "The silent hours steal on," Hotspur's "O gentlemen, the time of life is short," and many others that can readily be found. The beautiful Stratford borders can hardly be equalled in this climate with the added restrictions of space and exposure; but we may hope for attractive beds of flowering plants in the informal garden. Primroses, columbine, gilliflowers, "lilies of all kinds," pansies (johnny-jump-ups), marigolds, nasturtiums, flower-de-luce and Dian's bud are but a few that should thrive even in our difficult surroundings. The kitchen garden, now coming again into favor with our friends of the Ladies' Garden Clubs, gets lavish notice by Shakespeare. Ophelia's rosemary for remembrance, and rue the herb of grace, fennel "to clear the King's sight," Perdita's "hot lavender," mints, savory, marjoram, Anne Page's sweet balm, and the much-trodden camomile will have their place. Pomegranate, myrtle, lemon, orange, even these are not beyond our scope, with the cooperation of the Botany Department in housing through the winter potted specimens of these tender varieties.

For our bank we must have Titania's wild thyme and in the shady portions the "nodding violet." But this, for the discipline of our souls, must be the English *viola odorata* and not any of our beautiful American varieties. The sweet briar rose, "the fragrant eglantine," of course, belongs here and honeysuckle, "the luscious woodbine." But here too we must have the English honeysuckle of the sixteenth century, in one or both varieties, and not our own ubiquitous Japanese variety. Might we even aspire to a "pleached bower, where honeysuckles ripened by the sun, forbid the sun to enter?"

Among our weeds and wild flowers will be found Ophelia's "crow flowers, nettles, daisies and long purples." Our ignorance as to what the poet meant by the first-named properly permits us to include harebell, ragged robin, and buttercup.

Cordelia's burdocks, hemlocks (the poisonous *conium maculatum)* and cuckoo flowers and dock, plantain and knot grass should at least cause no trouble; while seeds of the less familiar darnel and fumitory are among those sent from Stratford. Of the twenty-eight varieties of trees given in Savage's book, but a few can be attempted. Cabbage, carrots, onions and the eight other vegetables mentioned might not survive in our urban surroundings. But though we shall fall short even of the picture here painted, still we may look forward in our garden to a pleasant and instructive spot that may bring its visitors nearer to Shakespeare and to nature. The garden is still in a formative stage and, in spite of the interest that has been shown in it and the favorable comments that have been made, its permanence, even in its present modest form, is by no means assured. Also there are certain expenses (need of annuals, replacements, labor of "picking out" and so on), recurring annually, that can hardly be met indefinitely by the budget for the care of the campus or by outside donations. If then it is really a worth-while project, and suitably placed on our campus, both on account of its educational and aesthetic nature and on account of its relation to the Furness Memorial, it would seem proper to provide for its permanence. Let us hope that some friends of the University may see fit so to endow the already existing Shakespeare Garden Fund that the garden may gradually improve in size and quality.

The following books on Shakespeare gardens can all be found in the Furness Memorial, where Miss Bennett, the custodian, is always glad to show the interesting memorabilia that it contains:

Beisly, Sidney. Shakspere's garden. 1864.

Bloom, James Harvey. Shakespeare's garden. 1903.

Elder, William. Shaksperean bouquet. 1872.

Ellacombe, Henry Nicholson. The plant-lore & garden-craft of Shakespeare. [1878]

Grindon, Leopold Hartley. The Shakspere flora. 1883.

Johnson, G. A complete list of Shakespeare's plants. n.d.

Law, Ernest Philip Alphonse. Shakespeare's garden, Stratford-upon-Avon. [1924]

Rohde, Eleanour Sinclair. Shakespeare's wild flowers. [1935]

Savage, Frederick G. Shakespeare's flora & folk-lore. [1926]

Singleton, Esther. The Shakespeare garden. 1922.

The following list of plants has been made up from various sources, mainly the books just mentioned and Schmidt's Shakespeare-Lexicon, at odd times over several years. It lays no claim either to completeness or accuracy. Those better equipped both in time and qualifications differ considerably in their lists, both because true completeness is always difficult to attain and because in not a few cases it is impossible to ascertain the botanical equivalent of the common name used by Shakespeare. Undoubtedly then, as in our own day, the same common name was used for several different species. However, it is hoped that with all its limitations this list may be of some use to lovers of Shakespeare's flora.

A LIST OF PLANTS, VEGETABLES AND TREES MENTIONED IN SHAKESPEARE, WITH PARTIAL REFERENCES TO QUOTATIONS

Aconite (Wolfsbane). *Aconitum napellus.*
2 Henry IV, iv.4,48.

Almond. *Amygdalus communis.*
Troilus and Cressida, v.2,194.

Aloes. *Aquilaria vulgaris.*
Lover's complaint, line 273.

Anemone. *Anemone purpurea striata stellata.*
Venus and Adonis, line 1168.

Apple. *Pomus.*
Sonnets, 93,13.
Tempest, ii.1,91.
Merchant of Venice, i.3,102.
etc.

Apricot. *Prunus Armeniaca.*
Midsummer-night's dream, iii.1,169.
Richard II, iii.4,29.
Two noble kinsmen, ii.2,91.

Ash. *Fraxinus vulgaris.*
Coriolanus, iv.5,114.
Aspen. *Populus tremula.*
Titus Andronicus, ii.4,45.
2 Henry IV, ii.4,117.

(Bachelor's) Button. *Ranunculus acris.*
Merry wives of Windsor, iii.2,71.
Barley. *Hordeum vulgare.*
Tempest, iv.1,61.
Henry V, iii.5,19.
Bay tree. *Laurus vulgaris.*
Richard II, ii.4,8.
Pericles, iv.6,160.
Bean. *Faba vulgaris.*
Midsummer-night's dream, ii.1,45.
Bilberry. *Vaccinium myrtillus.*
Merry wives of Windsor, v.5,49.
Birch. *Betula alba.*
Measure for measure, i.3,24.
Bitter cucumber (Coloquintida). *Cucumis colocynthis.*
Othello, i.3,355.
Blackberry. *Rubus discolor (fruticosus).*
1 Henry IV, ii.4,265; ii.4,450.
Troilus and Cressida, v.4,13.
Blessed thistle (Holy thistle). *Carduus benedictus.*
Henry V, v.2,52.
Box. *Buxus suffruticosa.*
Twelfth night, ii.5,18.
Brier (any wild rose)
Midsummer-night's dream, iii.1,96.
Brier (any wild thorny plant).
Tempest, iv.1,180.
Midsummer-night's dream, ii.1,3.
Broom. *Cytisus scoparius.*
Tempest, iv.1,66.
Burdock (Harlock). *Arctium lappa.*
King Lear, iv.4,4.
Burnet. *Sanguisorba officinalis.*
Henry V, v.2,49.
Buttercup. *Ranunculus bulbosus.*
Merry wives of Windsor, iii.2,71. The buttons mentioned here are perhaps buttercups, but they are not mentioned in some lists.

Cabbage. *Brassica oleracea.*
Merry wives of Windsor, i.1,124.
Camomile. *Anthemis nobilis.*
1 Henry IV, ii.4,441.

Carnation (see Gilliflower).
Carraways. *Carum carui.*
2 Henry IV, v.3,3.
Carrot. *Daucus carota.*
Merry wives of Windsor, iv.1,55.
Cedar (of Lebanon). *Cedrus libani.*
Coriolanus, v.3,60.
Tempest, v.1,48.
etc.
Cherry. *Prunus cerasus.*
Venus and Adonis, line 1101.
Chestnut. *Castanea vulgaris.*
Macbeth, i.3,4.
Taming of the shrew, i.2,210.
As you like it, iii.4,12.
Clover (green). *Trifolium (repens).*
Henry V, v.2,49.
Cockle. *Lychnis githago* or *Lolium temulentum.*
Love's labour's lost, iv.3,383.
Coriolanus, iii.1,70.
Columbine (blue, red, white). *Aquilegia vulgaris.*
Love's labour's lost, v.2,661.
Hamlet, iv.5,180.
Corn. *Triticum vulgare.*
Tempest, ii.1,153; and 20 other references.
Cowslip. *Primula veris.*
Tempest, v.1,89.
Cymbeline, i.5,83; ii.2,39.
Crab. *Pyrus malus.*
Taming of the shrew, ii.1,230.
2 Henry VI, iii.2,214.
etc.
Crowflower (Ragged robin). *Lychnis flos cuculi.*
Hamlet, iv.7,170.
Crown imperial. *Fritillaria imperialis.*
Winter's tale, iv.4,126.
Cuckoo bud. *Ranunculus ficaria.*
Love's labour's lost, v.2,906.
Cuckoo flower. *Cardamine pratensis* or *Lychnis flos cuculi.*
King Lear, iv.4,4.
Currants. *Vitis corinthiaca.*
Winter's tale, iv.3,40.
Two noble kinsmen, i.1,241.
Cypress. *Cupressus sempervirens.*
2 Henry VI, iii.2,323.
Coriolanus, i.10,30.

Daffodils. *Narcissus pseudo-narcissus.*
Winter's tale, iv.3,1; iv.4,118.
Two noble kinsmen, iv.1,94.
Daisy (English) "pied". *Bellis perennis.*
Love's labour's lost, v.2,904.
Hamlet, iv.5,184.
Daisy. *Chrysanthemum leucanthemum.*
Lucrece, line 395.
Damson plum. *Prunus domestica.*
2 Henry VI, ii.1,102.
Darnel. *Lolium temulentum.*
King Lear, iv.4,5.
1 Henry VI, iii.2,44.
Henry V, v.2,45.
Dates. *Phoenix dactylifera.*
Winter's tale, iv.3,48.
Romeo and Juliet, iv.4,2.
Troilus and Cressida, i.2,280.
Dewberry. *Rubus caesius.*
Midsummer-night's dream, iii.1,169.
Dian's bud (Wormwood). *Artemisia absinthium.*
Midsummer-night's dream, iv.1,78.
Dock. *Rumex obtusifolius.*
Tempest, ii.1,144.
Henry V, v.2,52.
Dogberry. *Cornus sanguinea* or *Euonymus europaeus.*
Character in Much ado about nothing.

Ebony. *Diospyros ebenum.*
Love's labour's lost, i.1,245; iv.3,247.
Eglantine (Sweetbrier). *Rosa rubiginosa.*
Midsummer-night's dream, ii.1,252.
Cymbeline, iv.2,223.
Elder. *Sambucus nigra.*
Cymbeline, iv.2,59.
Elm. *Ulmus campestris.*
Comedy of errors, ii.2,176.
Midsummer-night's dream, iv.1,49.
Eringo (Sea holly). *Eryngium maritimum.*
Merry wives of Windsor, v.5,23.

Fennel. *Foeniculum vulgare.*
Hamlet, iv.5,180.
2 Henry IV, ii.4,266.
Fern. *Pteris aquilina.*
1 Henry IV, ii.1,95.

Figs. *Ficus carica.*
Midsummer-night's dream, iii.1,170.
King John, ii.1,162.
Antony and Cleopatra, v.2,235; v.2,342.
etc.

Filbert (Hazel nut). *Corylus avellana.*
Tempest, ii.2,175.

Flags. *Iris germanic.*
Antony and Cleopatra, i.4,45.

Flax. *Linum usitatissimum.*
Merry wives of Windsor, v.5,159.
Twelfth night, i.3,104.
2 Henry VI, v.2,55.
King Lear, iii.7,106.
etc.

Flower de luce. *Iris pseudacorus.*
Winter's tale, iv.4,127.
1 Henry VI, i.1,80; i.2,99.
2 Henry VI, v.1,11.
Henry V, v.2,224.

Fumiter (Fumitory). *Fumaria officinalis.*
King Lear, iv.4,3.
Henry V, v.2,45.

Furze (Gorse). *Ulex europaeus.*
Tempest iv.1,180.

Garlick. *Allium sativum.*
Measure for measure, iii.2,195.
Winter's tale, iv.4,162.
1 Henry IV, iii.1,162.

Gilliflower. *Dianthus caryophyllus.*
Winter's tale, iv.4,82; iv.4,98.

Ginger. *Zingiber officinale.*
Love's labour's lost, v.1,75.
Henry V, iii.7,21.

Gooseberry. *Uva crispa.*
2 Henry IV, i.2,196.

Gourds. *Cucurbitaceae.*
Merry wives of Windsor, i.3,94.

Grapes. *Vitis.*
Midsummer-night's dream, iii.1,170.
Lucrece, line 215.
Venus and Adonis, line 601.

Grasses. *Gramineae.*
Richard II, iii.3,50.

Harebell (Wild hyacinth). *Hyacinthus non-scriptus* or *Scilla nutans.*
Cymbeline, iv.2,222.
Harlock (see Burdock)
Hawthorn. *Crataegus oxyacantha.*
As you like it, iii.2,380.
King Lear, iii.4,47; iii.4,102.
3 Henry VI, ii.5,42.
Hazel. *Corylus avellana.*
Taming of the shrew, ii.1,255.
Romeo and Juliet, iii.1,22.
Heath. *Ericeae.*
Tempest, i.1,70.
Hemlock. *Conium maculatum.*
Henry V, v.2,45.
Macbeth, iv.1,25.
King Lear iv.4,4.
Hemp. *Cannabis sativa.*
Midsummer-night's dream, iii.1,79.
2 Henry IV, ii.1,64.
Henbane (Insane root—Hebenon). *Hyoscyamus niger.*
Hamlet, i.5,62.
Holly. *Ilex aquifolium.*
As you like it, ii.7,180.
Holy thistle. *Carduus benedictus.*
Much ado about nothing, iii.4,73.
Honeysuckle (Woodbine). *Lonicera periclymenum* or *caprifolium.*
Much ado about nothing, iii.1,8.
Midsummer-night's dream, iv.1,47.
Hyssop. *Hyssopus officinalis.*
Othello, i.3,325.

Iris (blue). *Iris pumila.*
Troilus and Cressida, i.3,380.
Ivy. *Hedera helix.*
Passionate pilgrim, 20,13.
Tempest, i.2,86.
Comedy of Errors, ii.2,180.
etc.

Kecksies (Hemlock). *Conium maculatum.*
Henry V, v.2,52.
Knot-grass. *Polygonum aviculare.*
Midsummer-night's dream, iii.2,328.

Lady-smock (white meadow flower). *Cardamine pratensis.*
Love's labour's lost, v.2,905.

Larks heel (Nasturtium). *Tropeolum magis.*
Two noble kinsmen, i.1,12.
Larkspur. *Delphinium hybridum.*
Two noble kinsmen, i.1,12.
Laurel (Bay). *Laurus nobilis.*
3 Henry VI, iv.6,34.
Titus Andronicus, i.1,74.
Antony and Cleopatra, i.3,100.
Lavender. *Lavandula vera.*
Winter's tale, iv.4,104.
Leek. *Allium porrum.*
Henry V, iv.1,54; iv.7,103.
Midsummer-night's dream, v.1,342.
Lemon. *Citrus nudica.*
Love's labour's lost, v.2,654.
Lettuce. *Lactuca sativa.*
Othello, i.3,324.
Lily (of all kinds). *Lilium candidum.*
Midsummer-night's dream, iii.1,95.
Winter's tale, iv.4,126.
etc.
Lily of the valley. *Convalleria majoris.*
Two gentlemen of Verona, ii.3,22.
Love's labour's lost, v.2,352.
Lime tree (Line, Linden). *Tilia europaea.*
Tempest, v.1,9.
Locust (Fruit of Carob). *Ceratomia siliqua.*
Othello, i.3,354.
Long heath (Ling). *Calluna vulgaris.*
All's well that ends well, iii.2,14
Long purple (Dead men's fingers). *Orchis mascula.*
Hamlet, iv.7,170.

Mallows (Roadside weed). *Malva sylvestris.*
Tempest, ii.1,144.
Mandragora (Mandrake). *Atropa mandragora.*
Othello, iii.3,330.
2 Henry IV, i.2,17; iii.2,339.
Marigold. *Calendula officinalis* or *Chrysanthemum segetum.*
Lucrece, line 397.
Sonnets, 25, 6.
Winter's tale, iv.4,105.
Pericles, iv.1,16.
Marjoram. *Origanum vulgare.*
Winter's tale, iv.4,104.
Sonnets, 99,7.
King Lear, iv.6,93.

Medlar. *Mespilus germanica.*
As you like it, iii.2,123.
Timon of Athens, iv.3,305.
etc.

Mints. *Mentha piperita.*
Love's labour's lost, v.2,661.
Winter's tale, iv.4,104.

Mistletoe. *Viscum album.*
Titus Andronicus, ii.3,95.

Moss (Mosses, lichens, etc.).
Titus Andronicus, ii.3,95.
Timon of Athens, iv.3,223.
As you like it, iv.3,105.
Cymbeline, iv.2,228.

Mulberry. *Morus alba* or *Morus nigra.*
Midsummer-night's dream, iii.1,170; v.1,149.
Coriolanus, iii.2,79

Mushrooms. *Agaricus campestris.*
Tempest, v.1,39.

Mustard. *Sinapis nigra.*
As you like it, i.2,68.
Taming of the shrew, iv.3,23.

Myrtle. *Myrtus communis.*
Venus and Adonis, line 865.
Passionate pilgrim, 11,2; 20,12; 21,4.
Measure for measure, ii.2,117.
Antony and Cleopatra, iii.12,9.

Nettle. *Urtica urens.*
Winter's tale, i.2,329.
Richard II, iii.2,18.
1 Henry IV, ii.3,10.
etc.

Nutmeg. *Myristica officinalis.*
Henry V, iii.7,20.
Winter's tale, iv.3,50.

Oak. *Quercus primus.*
Tempest, i.2,294; v.1,45.
As you like it, ii.1,31; iv.3,105.
etc.

Oats. *Avena sativa.*
Tempest, iv.1,60.
Love's labour's lost, v.2,913.
etc.

Olive. *Olea europaea.*
3 Henry VI, iv.6,34.
Timon of Athens, v.4,82.
As you like it, iii.5,75; iv.3,78.
etc.

Onion. *Allium cepa.*
Midsummer-night's dream, iv.2,43.
Taming of the shrew, Ind.1,126.
All's well that ends well, v.3,321.
Antony and Cleopatra, i.2,176.

Orange. *Citrus aurantium.*
Much ado about nothing, ii.1,305; iv.1,33.
Midsummer-night's dream, i.2,96; iii.1,129.
etc.

Osier. (e.g. *Salix babylonica*)
Passionate pilgrim, 6,5.
Love's labour's lost, iv.2,112.
As you like it, iv.3,80.

Oxlip. *Primula elatior.*
Midsummer-night's dream, ii.1,250.
Winter's tale, iv.4,126.

Palm tree. *Cydonia vulgaris.*
As you like it, ii.2,186. (But probably this is quince as it is in the Forest of Arden.)
Troilus and Cressida, ii.3,201; iii.1,170.
Coriolanus, v.3,117.
Timon of Athens, v.1,12.

Pansy (Johnny-jump-ups, Love-in-idleness). *Viola tricolor.*
Hamlet, iv.5,174.
Midsummer-night's dream, ii.1,168.

Parsley. *Apium petroselinum.*
Taming of the shrew, iv.4,101.

Pea. *Pisum sativum.*
Tempest, iv.1,61.
Love's labour's lost, v.2,315.
Midsummer-night's dream, iv.1,39.
1 Henry IV, ii.1,9.
etc.

Peach. *Amygdalus persica.*
2 Henry IV, ii.2,19.
Measure for measure, iv.3,12.

Pear. *Pyrus conium.*
Merry wives of Windsor, iv.5,103.
All's well that ends well, i.1,175.
Romeo and Juliet, ii.1,38.

Peony (piony). *Paeonia corallina.*
Tempest, iv.1,64.
Pepper. *Piper nigrum.*
1 Henry IV, ii.4,212; iii.1,260; iii.3,9; v.3,7.
Pig-nuts. *Conopodium denudatum* or *Bunium flexuosum.*
Tempest, ii.2,172.
Pine. *Pinus sylvestris.*
Tempest, i.2,277; v.1,48.
Antony and Cleopatra, iv.12,22.
Pink. *Dianthus plumarius.*
Romeo and Juliet, ii.4,61.
Two noble kinsmen, i.1,4.
Plane. *Platanus orientalis.*
Two noble kinsmen, ii.6,5.
Plantain. *Plantago major.*
Love's labour's lost, iii.1,74.
Romeo and Juliet, i.2,52.
Plum. *Prunus domestica.*
Venus and Adonis, line 527.
Passionate pilgrim, line 135.
King John, ii.1,162.
Hamlet, ii.2,201.
2 Henry VI, ii.1,101.
Pomegranate. *Pomum granatum.*
All's well that ends well, ii.3,276.
Romeo and Juliet, iii.5,4.
1 Henry IV, ii.4,42.
Poppy. *Papaver somniferum.*
Othello, iii.3,330.
Potato. *Solanum tuberosum* or *Sisarum peruvianum* (Skyrret).
Merry wives of Windsor, v.5,21.
Troilus and Cressida, v.2,56.
Primrose. *Primula vulgaris.*
Winter's tale, iv.4,122.
2 Henry VI, iii.2,63.
Cymbeline, iv.2,221.
Pumpion (Pumpkin). *Cucurbita pepo.*
Merry wives of Windsor, iii.3,43.

Quince. *Pyrus cydonia.*
Romeo and Juliet, iv.4,2.

Radish. *Raphanus sativus.*
1 Henry IV, ii.4,206.
2 Henry IV, iii.2,334.

Reed (any reed). e.g. *Arundo donax* or *phragmites.*
Antony and Cleopatra, ii.7,13.
Cymbeline, iv.2,267.
etc.
Rhubarb. *Rheum officinale.*
Macbeth, v.3,55.
Rice. *Oryza sativa.*
Winter's tale, iv.3,41-42.
Rose (see also Brier and Eglantine).
Damask. *Rosa damascena.*
Winter's tale, iv.4,222.
Dog (Canker). *Rosa canina.*
Sonnets, 54,5.
1 Henry IV, i.3,175.
Musk. *Rosa muschata.*
Midsummer-night's dream, ii.2,3; iv.1,3.
Provencal (Cabbage). *Rosa centifolia.*
Hamlet, iii.2,288.
Red. *Rosa rubra.*
1 Henry IV, i.3,175.
2 Henry IV, ii.4,28.
Sonnets, 130,5.
White. *Rosa alba* or *Rosa arvinsis.*
2 Henry VI, i.1,254.
etc.
Variegated (York and Lancaster). a) *Rosa versicolor* (blotched white or pink, or both); b) *Rosa mundi. varia gallica* (red splashed with white).
Pericles, iv.6,38.
Sonnets, 99,10; 130,5.
Rosemary (Rose of May). *Rosmarinus officinalis.*
Hamlet, iv.5,175.
King Lear, ii.3,16.
Pericles, iv.6,160.
Winter's tale, iv.4,74.
Rue. *Ruta graveolens.*
Winter's tale, iv.4,74.
Richard II, iii.4,105.
Hamlet, iv.5,181.
Rushes. *Acorus calamus.*
As you like it, iii.2,389; iii.5,22.
Romeo and Juliet, i.4,36.
etc.
Rye. *Secale cereale.*
Tempest, iv.1,60; iv.1,136.
As you like it, v.3,23.

Saffron (Common crocus including any croci or colchici). *Crocus sativus.*
All's well that ends well, iv.5,2.
Winter's tale, iv.3,48.
Samphire (Sea fennel). *Crithmum maritimum.*
King Lear, iv,6,145.
Savory. *Satureia hortensis.*
Winter's tale, iv.4,104.
Sedge (Rushes). *Carex varius.*
Taming of the shrew, Ind.2,53.
Two gentlemen of Verona, ii.7,29.
Much ado about nothing, ii.1,210.
Senna. *Cassia lanceolata.*
Macbeth, v.3,55.
Speargrass (Sneeze wort). *Achilla ptarmica* or *Triticum repens* (Couch grass).
1 Henry IV, ii.4,340.
Strawberry. *Fragaria virginana* and *Fragaria vesca.*
Henry V, i.1,60.
Othello, iii.3,435.
Richard III, iii.4,34.
Sugar. *Saccharum officinarum.*
Love's labour's lost, v.2,231.
Merchant of Venice, iii.2,119.
etc.
Sweet balm. *Melissa officinalis.*
Merry wives of Windsor, v.5,66.
Antony and Cleopatra, v.2,314.
Sycamore. *Ficus sycomorus.*
Love's labour's lost, v.2,89.
Romeo and Juliet, i.1,128.
Othello, iv.3,41.

Thistles. *Carduus arvensis,* also *Carolina* and *Onopordon* families.
Much ado about nothing, iii.4,76.
Midsummer-night's dream, iv.1,12.
Henry V, v.2,52.
Thorns (see Hawthorn and Rose)
Thyme—wild. *Thymus serpyllum.*
Midsummer-night's dream, ii.1,49.
Othello, i.3,326.
Two noble kinsmen, i.1,6.
Turnips. *Brassica rapa.*
Merry wives of Windsor, iii.4,91.

Vetches. *Vicia sativa.*
Tempest, iv.1,61.
Violet. *Viola odorata.*
Venus and Adonis, lines 125, 936.
Sonnets, 12,3; 99,1.
Measure for measure, ii.2,166.
etc.

Walnut. *Juglans regia.*
Merry wives of Windsor, iv.2,171.
Taming of the shrew, iv.3,66.
Wheat. *Triticum vulgare.*
Tempest, iv.1,61.
Hamlet, v.2,41.
etc.
Willow. *Salix alba.*
Hamlet, iv.7,167.
Much ado about nothing, ii.1,194.
Merchant of Venice, v.1,10.
etc.
Woodbine (see Honeysuckle)

Yew. *Taxus baccata.*
Twelfth night, ii.4,56.
Macbeth, iv.1,27.
Richard II, iii.2,117.
Romeo and Juliet, v.3,3.
etc.

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WILLIAM BLAKE

DR. NEWTON'S TALK

It can be confidently asserted that William Blake—the man, the engraver, the painter, the poet, the mystic—was never before so adequately presented to a Philadelphia audience as on the evening of October 20, when the Friends of the Library enjoyed the privilege of hearing Dr. A. Edward Newton talk on the subject, and of seeing the exhibit which had been placed on view in the Horace Howard Furness Library through the courtesy of Dr. Newton, Mr. Lessing J. Rosenwald, and Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach.

Dr. Newton's informal talk embraced three categories, to some extent separate but overlapping at many points: Blake's life; his works, delightfully treated with "a bibliographical tinge;" and his art. "The life of a poor and almost entirely neglected artist does not afford much scope for the biographer," Dr. Newton said; yet by skillful allusions to the most important events and circumstances of his subject's career, interwoven with an appreciative account of the development of his art, he presented—not the man's life but the

man; a remarkable portrait in miniature. Bibliographically, the audience was entertained by anecdotes and reminiscences of collectors, intermingled with description of various editions and of the methods employed by Blake in his book production; a perfect introduction to the exhibit which had been assembled. "Never before and never since," said Dr. Newton, "was man so literally the author of his own book," as Blake was of those which he wrote, designed, printed, engraved, and colored.

From boyhood, Blake was a student of Shakespeare, Milton, and the Bible. When he published his first volume, *Poetical Sketches,* in 1783, Pope, Goldsmith, and Gray were still the fashion; Wordsworth was not yet known. These poems "were written by a poor boy who grew up in the London streets, where the recreation of the lower classes was a hanging;" yet to find the equal of some of them among earlier writers, Dr. Newton said, one must go back to the Elizabethans. While experimenting with the engraver's art, Blake continued to draw original sketches and to write verses, and in 1789 produced, in *Songs of Innocence,* "one of the loveliest books in the language, whether regarded as a work of art or of literature."

"Perhaps the most imaginative artist that England ever produced," Blake was envied by his rivals for his "originality and tremendous imagination." His rivals and many of his friends considered him mad, but Dr. Newton does not agree with this view. On this point he said:

"The question, was Blake insane? has frequently been asked and variously answered. Many of his contemporaries thought that he was mad, and said so. My own opinion, after much thought, is that he was in essentials as sane as any man we know. Our own Dr. Burr has helped me to put this matter very succinctly: the test of insanity, Burr says, is *conduct.* Blake's imagination was not diseased but was so tremendous that he saw things that the normal man could not see. He would say, 'I see Milton sitting in that chair,' or Socrates, or Caesar. You, looking at that chair

would see no one, nor would Blake see but as Hamlet saw, 'with his mind's eye.' In the ordinary relations of life he was normal; he was industrious, no man more so; a good son, brother, husband, and friend. He kept his engagements and was a man of his word. That he was captious and at times quarrelsome, as artists, especially neglected artists, are apt to be, is admitted. To sum up: Blake was drunk with imagination. He said so himself in a letter to his friend and patron Hayley; he wrote: 'I am really drunk with intellectual vision whenever I take a pencil or a graver into my hand,' but, as Wordsworth said, Blake drunk was more interesting than Scott or Byron sober.

" 'Did you ever see a fairy's funeral, madam?' he once said to a lady who happened to sit by him in company. 'Never, sir,' was the answer. 'I have!' said Blake, 'but not before last night. I was walking alone in my garden; there was great stillness among the branches and flowers, and more than common sweetness in the air; I heard a low and pleasant sound, and I knew not whence it came. At last I saw the broad leaf of a flower move, and underneath I saw a procession of creatures, of the size and color of green and grey grasshoppers, bearing a body laid out on a rose-leaf, which they buried with songs, and then disappeared. It was a fairy funeral!' This is not insanity. It is the stuff out of which 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' is made."

Concluding his talk, Dr. Newton quoted from Blake's *Jerusalem:*

> "I [have given] you the end of a golden string;
> Only wind it into a ball,
> It will lead you in at Heaven's gate,
> Built in Jerusalem's wall."

THE EXHIBIT

Seldom, indeed, in any city, has opportunity been given to study so comprehensive and so valuable a display of Blake's books, paintings, and drawings, as that which had been lent

by Dr. Newton and Mr. Rosenwald from their collections. In the cases which had been placed in the Furness Library for the occasion were splendid copies of thirty-five of the books produced by Blake, in original issues; twenty-one original paintings and drawings; and many rare reproductions. That the unusual opportunity was appreciated was evidenced by the attendance, during the five days of the exhibition, of more than five hundred visitors; and most of them lingered long over the cases, carefully examining the works, so fully illustrative of the strength of execution, the beauty of design and coloring, the tremendous imaginative power and visionary quality of Blake's work. Here they caught a glimpse of the spiritual vision, well-nigh incommunicable and perhaps but dimly intelligible to himself, which inspired and dominated his work. Dr. Newton's words echoed again in the minds of those who had heard his talk: "Drunk with imagination;" "the stuff out of which *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is made."

A prominent place was occupied by the uncompleted poem —"shapeless and chaotic," Swinburne called it—*The Book of Urizen.* Dr. Newton had lent an original colored print of one of the plates, labeled by Blake, "Eternally I Labour On;" and an original watercolor drawing of Urizen in chains, arresting attention most compellingly, a wonderful example of the tremendous forcefulness of Blake's drawing and of his unexcelled coloring.

In one case were two unique items. Lent by Mr. Rosenwald was the only known copy of *The Book of Ahania*—considered by many a continuation of *Urizen*—one of the most beautiful of Blake's productions, printed in black and in colors; one of the two books executed by Blake by the ordinary process of etching. This copy was formerly in the collection of the Earl of Crewe. The second item was the only known copy of one of the plates engraved for the *Songs of Innocence,* from Dr. Newton's collection.

Two copies were shown of Mary Wollstonecraft's *Original Stories from Real Life,* and Dr. Newton's copy was accom-

panied by ten original India ink drawings, made by Blake to illustrate this once-popular book of stories for children. Three copies of Young's *Night Thoughts*—that laborious poem without which no latter-half eighteenth-century library was complete—afforded an interesting comparison, for the engravings in Dr. Newton's two copies were colored by Blake, and in Mr. Rosenwald's by Mrs. Blake.

Two of the four known copies of *The Gates of Paradise,* the first of the four works done by Blake in line engraving, were on view, and two copies of the beautifully decorated allegorical poem *The Book of Thel,* his second work in illuminated printing. *Songs of Innocence and of Experience,* the work by which Blake, as poet, is probably most widely known, and said by Muir to be "the most beautiful book that has ever been produced in England," was represented by Dr. Newton's two splendid copies of the original edition and by several reproductions, including the facsimile edition of 1923.

Among the original paintings and drawings on the walls or in the cases, some from Dr. Newton's collection which attracted special attention were "The Morning Stars Sang Together," one of the most beautiful plates from the illustrations for the *Book of Job;* the "Beggar's Opera," engraved by Blake after the painting by Hogarth; "Falling Figures;" "Death and Hell Teem with Life," from the *Marriage of Heaven and Hell;* "The Great Red Dragon and the Woman Clothed with the Sun;" "Christ Raising the Son of the Widow of Nain;" and a splendid copy of the "Canterbury Pilgrims," displayed with Stothard's print on the same subject. In most striking contrast with each other were a drawing of "Death's Door," from *The Grave,* one of the best examples of Blake's treatment of one of his favorite themes; and the wonderfully radiant "Morning," or "Glad Day." Among the originals sent by Mr. Rosenwald were "Vision of Queen Katharine;" "The Ancient of Days;" "And Power Was Given Him over All Kindreds;" and "The Soul Hovering Over the Body."

Two extremely valuable autograph manuscripts of Blake had been lent by Dr. Rosenbach. "The Everlasting Gospel," on a small folded leaf of four pages, consists of 56 lines of rhymed verse and 16 lines of prose, supplementary to *The Everlasting Gospel.* And here was the famous Pickering Manuscript, of a date about 1801, containing ten poems by Blake, for all but two of which this manuscript is the only authority. The poems were first printed by Rossetti in 1863, and were printed again in 1868 in Pickering's edition of *Songs of Innocence.*

Most grateful thanks are due to Dr. Newton for his lecture and to him, Mr. Rosenwald, and Dr. Rosenbach, for their kindness in lending for the exhibition so many of the priceless treasures from their Blake collections; to Dr. Newton, again, for presenting to the Library, at the close of the exhibition, two of the works which he had lent—a complete series of plates reproduced from the original edition of *Gates of Paradise,* and a beautiful lithographic reproduction of *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell;* and to Dr. Charles W. Burr for likewise enriching the Library's own collections with two valuable Blake items. After Dr. Newton had ended his talk, he announced that Dr. Burr had declared his intention of presenting to the Library a copy of the Pierpont Morgan reproduction of the *Illustrations of the Book of Job,* and the beautiful work was received the following day. With it came, also a gift from Dr. Burr, a splendid copy of the 1923 facsimile edition of *Songs of Innocence and of Experience.*

THE FOUNDERS' ROOM

By Edith Hartwell

Executive Secretary of the Library

In a remote corner of the Library building there is a small room, upon the door of which is painted in modest letters "Founders' Room." One who enters beyond that closed door finds that the collection housed within is by no means as modest as the location of the room and its inscription would indicate. It is in truth the "nucleus for an academical library", in the words of the 1829 Catalogue, upon which has been built our University Library of today, numbering over 840,000 volumes. The following pages tell the story, not of rare items and bibliographical peculiarities in this collection, but rather of why the books were brought together at this time, how they were collected, and when they received their name, with some brief notes concerning a few association copies and outstanding items.

One hundred and seven years ago, in 1829, there was printed in Philadelphia, by Judah Dobson, a small book entitled *Catalogue of Books belonging to the University of Pennsylvania.* In 1929, to commemorate the centenary of the publishing of this volume, Mr. Asa Don Dickinson, at that time Librarian of the University, gathered together some hundred or more of the volumes listed in the catalogue and exhibited them in a "Catalogue Centenary Exhibition." The more valuable of these volumes had, of course, been kept in one or another of our locked cases, but the greater number of the centenarians had spent the last half century on open shelves in the stacks. (It should be remembered, however, that when the present Library building was opened the three floors of stack were much more protected than the stacks of today, where we have six floors, available to some three thousand persons.)

At the close of the Catalogue Centenary Exhibition we were very loath to return to the stacks these treasured books—

books precious for their association, if not for their intrinsic value. However, there was not available at that time, any room where they could be safely kept, so back they went for another seven years, fraternizing with their modern, buckram-bound, up-to-date colleagues. So battered were some of the covers that an energetic but ill-advised young binding assistant bore down upon them one day and whisked them off to the bindery to have "nice new cloth bindings with all their edges neatly trimmed." There is no possibility, I am happy to say, of such a misfortune again befalling us. One of the seminars, because of unsatisfactory ventilation due to the building of an addition to the Library, was declared unfit for use by the professor in charge, and with the approval of the Provost it was decided to establish in this room a collection of all the books owned by the Library from the very beginning, especially the books bought or given soon after the organization of the College, but including also everything that we now have which was listed in the 1829 catalog.

The first step to take in carrying out this plan was to make the necessary changes in the room. The old book-cases of varying heights were made uniform, two new wall cases were built to take the place of an old blackboard, new locks and hinges were installed on the door, a wall case for the display of manuscripts was installed, and the floor was sanded, stained, and oiled. All this was made possible through the generosity of Dr. Penniman, Dr. Burr, and Dr. Newton. We realize that while the present room may be of interest in itself it is but a suggestion of what will, we hope, be done more adequately in a new building with special provision made for such purposes.

After the room was prepared came the gathering of the books; the first ones to be collected were those shown in the Centenary Exhibit; then every entry listed in the 1829 catalog was carefully checked with our present catalog, to see if it was still in our collection and if so to give us the call number by which to locate the book. The numbering in the printed

catalog was of no assistance to us in this, but did identify the book when found, for in most instances we found the old number written on the old book-plate. Upon ascertaining the call numbers we started collecting the books; when we had finished, there were 980 volumes in all.

The next problem was the shelving. We first thought we would follow the system used in the 1829 catalog, and divide the whole collection into classes with alphabetical arrangement under each class; then, to our delight, we discovered that the arrangement of the cases lent itself admirably to a chronological division. The first case became that of "The Academy 1749-1755," and now holds the volumes we know were in the Academy, including a few outstanding gifts; the Louis XVI gift of 1784 just fills the next case; the two adjacent sections are those of "The College 1755-1779;" and the other five cases hold the rest of the books, "The University of Pennsylvania, 1779-1829." In the College and University sections we have followed the classification of the 1829 catalog, for we were anxious to preserve the quaint wording of some of the classes. It may be interesting to compare the number of entries in the classes. In Ancient Literature there are 120 titles, in Modern Literature but 17; Theology lists 140, Moral philosophy and Jurisprudence 120, and Philology 67; Physical and Mathematical Sciences 102 and Medical Sciences 42; History, Geography, and Biography 158; and Miscellaneous Works and Polygraphic authors 84. (One wonders why two editions of Montaigne's *Essais* are listed in different classes, one under Moral Philosophy and Jurisprudence and the other under Modern Literature.) Of the 1649 volumes listed in the 1829 catalog, 1398 were found in our present catalog and 980 are actually in the collection. This last number does not include approximately 220 United States and Pennsylvania documents for it was thought that our sets of these in the stacks should not be broken by withdrawing such a large number of volumes, even though they belonged to the Library in the years prior to 1829. Perhaps sometime we may be able to duplicate

these for the general collection so that the original volumes may be placed where they now rightfully belong.

A closer examination of the books themselves reveals on the Academy's shelves six volumes bearing the earliest date of University ownership that we have seen so far. They are all "Lewis Evans's gift to the Phila. Academy 1749/50" and are so inscribed, two of them having the added note "for the use of the Drawing Schools." These "Library Patriarchs" are:

John Milton. Paradise lost. Ed. 6. London, Tonson, 1695.

Abraham Cowley. Works. Ed. 6. London, Herringman, 1680.

Suirey de Saint Remy. Mémoires d'artillerie. 2v. Paris, Annison, 1697.

Theatre of the present war in the Netherlands and upon the Rhine. London, Brindley, 1745.

Gerard Johan Voss. Duo tractatus. Francofurti ad Moenum, Moewaltius, 1677.

Following the Evans gift are the 31 titles, comprising 52 volumes, remaining to us of 46 titles and 77 volumes purchased in 1751 by order of the Trustees. Next we find Blair's *Chronology* and the two volumes of the first edition of Johnson's Dictionary ordered by Franklin in 1754 and 1755. On the remaining shelves are two gifts from Benjamin Franklin, Joseph Priestley's *History and Present State of Discoveries relating to Vision, Light, and Color,* London, 1772, and Franklin's own *Historical Review of the Constitution and Government of Pennsylvania from its Origin,* London, 1759. Here too we find Theodoric Luder's *Traicte mathematique,* a gift from David Martin, the first rector and professor of Greek and Latin languages; and Faber's *Thesaurus,* a gift from Mr. Philemon Dickinson, one of the students in the class of 1759. Then there are two huge volumes given by "Mr. Jackson of the Middle Temple" in 1750, Scaliger's *Opus de emendatione temporum,* 1629, and Calpinus' *Dictionarium,* 1570. These, with John Ray's *Historia plantarum,* 1686,

given by Mr. William Dunlap, bring the number of volumes in the Academy section to 69.

We shall not linger over the Louis XVI gift for this has been fully described in preceding numbers of the *Chronicle.* (v.2, nos.3-4.)

The fact that many prominent people were interested in the young College is clearly shown by the names inscribed in many of the books in its library. Such names as James Logan, Alexander Stedman, David Hall, B. S. Barton, Rev. Thomas Barton, P. S. Du Ponceau, John Penn, Thomas Penn, Richard Peters, and many others. The books are interesting from the point of view of their subject matter as well as for their association; for instance, among the forty or more volumes from Richard Peters we have Montaigne's *Essais,* dated 1640; a 1550 edition of Erasmus, and a 1594 edition of Seneca. There is the beautifully printed Baskerville Virgil, 1757, the gift of John Penn to "the Colledge of Philadelphia," while from Thomas Penn there is a fine copy of Milton's *Prose Works,* 1758, also printed by Baskerville. The inscription in this is "Given by the hon^ble^ Thos. Penn. Esq. to W. S. for the College of Phil^a^."

A much-worn copy, also from Thomas Penn and of unusual interest, is a Greek-Latin Lexicon which has written on a flyleaf: "Thos. Penn's Book 1715."

Through Provost Smith we received from Mr. David Barclay a volume written by his father, Robert Barclay, entitled, *Apology for the True Christian Divinity,* printed by Baskerville in 1765. The book is inscribed "The gift of David Barclay, son of the author, merchant in London, a worthy benefactor of this College; who desires this book to be placed in its Public Library, June 13, 1766. Delivered by W. S."

Mention should also be made of a set of Alexander Pope's works published in 1757, and given by David Hall. Then there are several interesting Quaker items; George Fox's "Journal," London, 1765; Joseph Besse's *Collection of the Sufferings of the People called Quakers,* London, 1753;

William Sewel's *History of the Rise, Increase, and Progress of the Christian People called Quakers,* Ed. 2, London, Sowle, 1725; and Isaac Penington's "Works," London, 1761, each of which is inscribed "The Gift of the people called Quakers in London to the College Library in Philadelphia."

In *The University 1779-1829* there are also many interesting gifts. Especially numerous are those of Provost John McDowell, probably the most noteworthy of these being a 1588 edition of Apuleius, a 1595 edition of Ausonius, and a 1686 edition of Catullus. The University owned also a 1758 edition of Smollett's *Complete History of England* and Topsel's *History of Four-Footed Beasts & Serpents,* printed in 1658.

Among the early American imprints are:

Tench Coxe. View of the United States of America. 1794.

Thomas Cooper. Some information concerning gas lights. Phila. 1816.

W. P. C. Barton. Floral Philadelphicae prodromus. 1815.

In addition to the books there have been assembled many pictures, documents, and other relics pertaining to the early history of the University. Over each case has been placed the portrait of the presiding Provost of that period. There are also pictures of the early buildings; a gavel made from the stair-rail of the old Dormitory; the great lock from the door of Provost Smith's house; cards of admission to lectures, printed on the backs of playing cards; diplomas of early graduates, and Silhouettes of the Class of 1811. There are also documents, signed and sealed, relating to the collection of funds in Great Britain for the joint benefit of the College, Academy and Charitable School in Philadelphia, and of the College of the Province of New York.

For furniture there are but two pieces, both priceless—the old arm chair and the mahogany desk of Benjamin Franklin.

During the months we were assembling these treasures many names for the collection suggested themselves but none seemed entirely adequate. One day, during a visit from Dr. Newton, we mentioned to him our difficulty in finding an appropriate name. Immediately our difficulty was solved, for Dr. Newton looked for a moment at the books and relics around him and then exclaimed, "This is The Founders' Room!"

THE SERPENT IN MILADY'S LIBRARY

By Dr. Thomas P. Haviland

If the young girls of today are idle and empty-headed, living in a false world of romance engendered by Temple Bailey and the movies, as some of their elders aver, they may at least take comfort in the fact that their seventeenth-century sisters were similarly cursed. One of the quaint little admonitory volumes of the time, *The Ladies' Calling,* "By the Author of the Whole Duty of Man [one Richard Allestree] 1677," takes upon itself the issuing of a stern warning. ". . . . The reading Romances . . . seems now to be thought the peculiar and only becoming study of young Ladies. I confess their youth may a little adapt it to them when they were children, and I wish they were alwaies in their event as harmless; but I fear they often leave ill impressions behind them. Those amorous passions, which 'tis their design to paint to the utmost life, are apt to insinuate themselves into their unwary readers, and by an unhappy inversion, a copy shall produce an original. When a poor young creature shall read there of some triumphant Beauty, that has I know not how many captiv'd Knights prostrate at her feet, she will probably be temted to think it a fine thing; and may reflect how much she looses time, that has not yet subdu'd one heart: and then her business will be to spread her nets; lay her toils to catch somebody, who will more fatally ensnare her. And when she has once wound herself into an amour, those Authors are

subtil Casuists for all difficult cases that may occur in it, will instruct in the necessary Artifices of deluding Parents and Friends, and put her ruine perfectly in her own power. And truly this seems to be so natural a consequent of this sort of study, that of all the divertisements that look so innocently, they can scarce fall upon any more hazardous."

Yet, "hazardous" as the study may have been, many young ladies of quality seem to have found great delight even well into the eighteenth century in *Polexander, Cléopâtre,* and their fellows, those ponderous volumes so aptly called by the French *romans de longue haleine.* Dorothy Osborne makes frequent reference to them in her letters to Sir William Temple, offering to lend him the six tomes of *Cléopâtre* which she has at hand, or assuring him: "I do not use to forget my old acquaintances. Almanzor is as fresh in my memory as if I had visited his tomb but yesterday, though it be at least seven year agone since. You will believe I had not been used to great afflictions when I made his story such a one to me, as I cried an hour together for him, and was so angry with Alcidiana that for my life I could never love her after it." The serious-minded Lady Russell was devoted to Mlle. de Scudéry's *Clelia,* which she considered a "most improving book," while the library of Joseph Addison's sprightly little Leonora revealed a copy of the same romance "which opened of itself to a place which describes two lovers in a bower."

That Allestree's warning was not without reason is testified in a number of diverse quarters. Alexander Pope writes to Martha Blount: "It is usual with unfortunate young women to betake themselves to romances and thereby feed and indulge that melancholy which is occasioned by the want of a lover." And Dick Steele's *Tender Husband* pictures in Biddy Tipkin a young lady who has been brought up on these invaders from France until she is all passion and sensibility. A fair face and a comfortable fortune come near to being sacrificed to the shrewd adventurer, Captain Clerimont, who, versed himself in these amorous adventures, courts the inno-

cent lady in the words of Scudéry, Gomberville, and Calprenède. Nor are the ladies the only addicts. Indeed, many fashionable gentlemen were not unversed in the interminable histories and *récits*. The sensible Gertrude of Shadwell's *Bury Fair* replies in disgust to the verbal extravagances of Lord Bellamy: " 'Tis all alike. 'Madam, your Beauties! your excellent Accomplishments! your extraordinary Merits! Divine, *&c.* The lustre of your Eyes! and the rest. The Honour to kiss your fair Hands! *&c.* All this we have in Romances.' . . . Trust me, my Lord, 'tis tedious."

The five volumes folio of *Clelia*[1] seem to have taken a particularly large toll of hypochondriacs; readers associated themselves readily with this Roman heroine of the time of Tarquin and lived her adventures as their own. This, indeed, is the whole theme of that delightfully humorous little book, Mrs. Charlotte Lennox's *Female Quixote* [1732], which reaches its climax in Arabella's attempt to swim the Thames as Clelia did the Tiber, in pursuit of a ravisher purely imaginary, and in the resultant fever and illness which turn our heroine's mind to channels more prosaic.

Practically unknown, yet quite conceivably the germ of Mrs. Lennox's idea is a little volume out of France, *The Mock Clelia,* translated by an unknown hand in 1678, just 17 years after the appearance in England of the final part of the popular Scudéry romance. The Marquess of Riberville is unfortunate enough to become enamored at first sight with young Juliette d' Arvianne, who flees across his estate at Fontainebleu and is apparently carried off by a ravisher before his very eyes, only to turn up within his closet. We are informed in the manner of Scudéry that "She lay in a posture so advantageous for her beauty, and for the light, that her countenance seemed to dart out rays of splendour. The rising Sun that entered by an open window, produced on her countenance and breast that was half naked, these wonderful effects. The Marquess was quite transported . . .". As well

[1] This, and other of the Heroic Romances, are to be found in the rich "Godfrey F. Singer Memorial Library."

he might be! Unfortunately for the marquess' flame, we find this lovely creature to be suffering a sad disarrangement, seizing her at inconvenient intervals, when she imagines herself the heroine, Clelia, pursued by the unwanted Horace (actually her betrothed, the Count of Sarbedat). The trouble is to be traced to her early youth in Paris, "where she read *Clelia;* and as she read it, 'Monsieur de Scudéri,[2] said she a hundred times, hath foretold in this Romance, the Adventures I should meet with.' She could not forbear to admire that surprizing resemblance between the adventures of Clelia and her own; for two years together she perused them night and day."

Striking resemblances there are. Her foster-brother has been picked up at sea two years before her birth, his cradle alone reaching a rock and escaping the fury of the waves, as did Aronces' in the original romance. She is betrothed to Sarbedat at the tender age of five (the heroines of the heroic romance are seldom over fourteen), and is later carried off by him in the midst of an earthquake at Bordeaux—an exact repetition of two episodes in which Clelia and Horace are concerned. In England, whither she, her father, and her foster-brother flee in Cromwell's time, it is discovered that the lad is really a person of quality, "a real Aronce, owned to be the son of King Porsenna." She is perhaps not to be blamed, therefore, if even in the company of the Marquess of Riberville, four ladies of great wit and, apparently, very easy morals, and others who join their company and, after the manner of the heroic romances, oblige with a history, she is put in mind by the peculiar shape of the tents at the encampment at Fontainebleu of the camp of King Porsenna where her prototype was held hostage, and rides top speed into the great canal, thinking it the Tiber "whereinto she threw herself, that she might swim over in imitation of Clelia, whom she believed herself to be." After dragging along through the many incidental tales, we discover in a hurried last page

[2] The swashbuckling Governor of Notre Dame de la Garde was commonly given credit for his sister's work.

that she is not for the adoring Riberville but her foster-brother, and that "the water which she drank in the Tyber, had a little cooled the choler which fed her melancholy. . . . The ladies de Kermas, Barbisieux and Velzers had their contentment also; and the Gentlemen themselves came to see a pleasant period put to their adventures," which is certainly more than the latter would seem to have deserved!

These "adventures," smacking more of Boccaccio and the *novella* than of the heroic romance whose place they so strangely take in a story still phrased in the conventional bombast, are almost without exception of the scandalous sort, variants of the old theme of Chaucer's *Miller's Tale.* There is much of the old talk of the grand passion by the principals, but in a manner light and insincere. Princesses "look pale and in fine faint away; a princess of *Pharamond* or *Cirus* could not have done more." Lovers both fall sick and "too much virtue makes them languish and pine away with love"—but, we might add, only temporarily! There are lengthy exchanges of gallant letters, as in the history of Mlle. Velzers' affair with the Swedish count; there are lengthy discussions of gallantries, and florid descriptions of little cupids who pour wine and water alternately for the banquet guests, of rich perfumes, and a table which ingeniously retires into the ceiling, of a "volary of a thousand birds" which enrapture with their sweet song; but the substance, the fibre, have changed. Platonic love has given place to "conscientious marriage: a mixture of modestie and looseness which is altogether delicate."

The decline of a once noble literary fashion is remarked by Mrs. Jane Barker, in the preface to her *Exilius* (1715), itself a heroic romance in little. "A Romance is like the Husband in the Fable, whose Young Wife pull'd out all his grey Hairs, and his Old one, the black. Thus it far'd with this Kind of Heroic Love of late; it has been, as it were, rally'd out of Practice, and its Professors laugh'd out of Countenance, while Interest and loose Gallantry have been set up in its Place, and monopolized all its Business and Effects." Small comfort, one fears, for Mr. Allestree in this!

SINGER COLLECTION OF RECORDS

By Charles Henderson, Jr.

Among the many aspects of music education today, the one most appealing to your layman is the evaluation and understanding of the contributions of earlier generations to music. To the average music lover, the compositions of the great masters will always be of interest; but as his knowledge of these works grows, his interest turns as well to the performances of the music by artists of his own and younger days.

To satisfy the mere urge to listen to good music or to acquire knowledge of the masterworks is not always easy. The Philadelphia Orchestra, Josef Hofmann, Lily Pons, are not at our beck and call whenever we wish a concert or recital. But the phonograph and its records have made it possible for students and all lovers of music to study and listen almost when and where they will.

The University has broadened and extended its instruction and training in music during recent years; and it is particularly fortunate, therefore, in the recent acquisition of a collection of recorded music which will make possible extensive opportunities for study and research by those who are interested in the field of musical performance. The Godfrey F. Singer Memorial Collection of Recorded Music was presented to the University last May by his parents, Mrs. Jacob Singer and the late Mr. Singer (who had previously given the University their son's unsurpassed collection of eighteenth century epistolary novels). It comprises 8,058 separate disks bearing some 12,000 recordings, and has been temporarily housed in the Library of the Fine Arts Building where it is being cataloged and prepared for use.

The collection was assembled by Dr. Godfrey Singer during most of his lifetime. When he was a small boy, his parents and his relatives gave him records; his interest grew with the years; as a young man, and later as student and instructor in English here, he continued to assemble, to choose, the best

recorded music as it was released by the Victor, Columbia, and Brunswick companies, and the many foreign organizations and private record societies. His untimely passing in January, 1934, left the collection not as he would have wished it but more complete than any private one we know of. The records cover most adequately perhaps twenty-five years of musical recording, representing particularly well the earlier years.

Among its more special treasures are the recordings of Enrico Caruso and other great artists of the past generation; especially interesting to members of the English Department and students working in English, are the records of "English as she is spoke" in these United States; and delightful to the more frivolous among us, Dr. Singer's judicious selection of popular music from decades past. The giddy can find here "Yes, We Have No Bananas;" the scholarly, the Bach Mass in b Minor. Here are many of the quartets and other chamber music, opera, song, choral works and the great symphonies. The collection is a musical anthology of catholic scope, reflecting the liberal but discriminating taste of the anthologist.

This admirable collection is housed in the Fine Arts Library only temporarily. It is to be hoped that some suitable and permanent quarters can be found for it. It is to be hoped, too, that the work of collecting recorded music so finely begun by Dr. Singer may be continued by someone or some group who know a good thing when they see it and have a desire to go and do likewise.

The University of Pennsylvania

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Of the University of Pennsylvania

C. Seymour Thompson, *Editor*

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A YEAR IN THE LIBRARY

By C. Seymour Thompson

"In the four quarters of the globe," asked Sydney Smith in 1820, "who reads an American book?" Nevertheless, Americans continued to write books; frequently, as our English cousins now admit, with a high degree of success. A more pertinent question today is "Who reads an annual report?" Nevertheless, reports continue to be written; probably with hope that they, too, will occasionally be read. It has occurred to us that because the Library of the University publishes no formal report, the *Library Chronicle* may well be made the medium for something resembling this lowly form of literature, and that the Friends of the Library may be sufficiently interested in our work to read it. The chief ingredients of an annual report must be, unavoidably, facts and figures—facts which are likely, and figures which are certain, to make dull reading, but perhaps they may be made digestible by a judicious selection of the facts and a kindly suppression of unessential figures.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Chillip, renewing acquaintance with young David Copperfield. "Our little friends grow up around

us. They grow out of our knowledge, ma'am?"

Many of our Friends, both on the campus and off, remember the Library in the early days of the building which it now occupies. Those on the campus have been in constant touch with the growth of the Library's collections and with the changed aspects of its service which have come in response to new and larger demands. Friends who have not remained in close association with campus activities can not so readily understand the problems of today. They are likely to find that we have grown "out of their knowledge."

In the earliest Librarian's Report now in our files we read: "On examination of the records I found that between October 1, 1891 and January 13, 1892 (three and a half months), 95 professors and instructors had taken out of the Library 707 volumes, and that 417 students had taken out 1203 volumes." A total of 1910 volumes to 512 readers! Today we lend more books in three days than were issued then in three and a half months.

The same report announced an interesting experiment: "Professors in three departments—Architecture, English literature, and History—have had books reserved for use of special students in one of the alcoves, and the successful operation of this plan will, no doubt, lead to its adoption in other departments very soon." Prophetic utterance! We now have on reserved shelves, for assigned reading, 20,580 volumes; more than one-seventh of the whole number of volumes possessed by the Library forty years ago.

How much we have changed in the last forty years is best illustrated, perhaps, by the following Minute of the Library Committee, of May 29, 1896: "The Librarian stated that a typewriter would be of great service to the Library and that one of the cataloguers was familiar with its use, whereupon he was, on motion, authorized to purchase a typewriter and desk."

"Dear me! Our little friends grow up around us." Looking back only twenty years, we find that we now have on our

shelves two volumes for every one which stood there then. And we have quite a few typewriters.

When one refers to a library he may have in mind either a collection of books or the building in which the books are kept; or, by a kind of personification, the people, collectively, by whom it is administered. He ought to have in mind also the use which is made of the library, and the people who use it, although this is a very modern view. Books, building, service, and use, then, are co-ordinate parts of the whole.

THE BOOKS

The Library—ninth in size among American universities —including all schools and all departmental libraries, now contains 840,495 volumes. Of this number, 580,724 volumes are housed in the General Library building, competing for places on the groaning, sagging shelves, and shifting position frequently as thousands of them come and go in the course of circulation. Fortunate, indeed, it is that we do not have to find a place for all the volumes at one time. The books are supplemented by more than 100,000 pamphlets.

In the academic year 1935-'36 the collections were increased by the addition of 14,458 volumes. Of this number more than half—7,426—were for the General Library, and 4,534 more were for departmental libraries, ordered and cataloged by the General Library's staff.

Among the larger collections received during the year by gift were 450 volumes, mainly in the field of American history, presented by Miss Ella E. Ames as a memorial to her brother, the late Dr. Herman V. Ames; 600 volumes, principally of standard English and French literature, given by Mrs. Eliza A. Reath; and 325 volumes, chiefly of travel and biography, given by Mrs. A. C. Albrecht. Our collections in music and in musical history and criticism were enriched by many gifts from Mrs. Albrecht, Dr. Otto E. Albrecht, and Mr. Henry S. Drinker, Jr.

From Dr. Charles W. Burr were received 50 volumes, including many early editions and commentaries of Aristotle

and other Greek or Latin authors; W. A. Churchill's *Watermarks in Paper;* Simpson's *Proof-reading in the 17th and 18th Centuries;* and the recently published second volume of Dodgson's *Woodcuts of the 15th Century in the British Museum.*

Among other gifts, two seventeenth-century plays (*The Passionate Lover,* 1655, and *The Fool Would Be a Favorite,* 1657), were received from Mr. Charles H. Gray; early editions of *The Scarlet Letter,* Susanna Rowson's *Charlotte Temple,* and Brown's *Wieland,* from Mr. C. Ross Smith; 40 volumes of Scott's novels, in first editions, from Dr. A. C. Baugh; and a 1618 edition of Thomas à Kempis, *De imitatione Christi,* from Dr. E. B. Krumbhaar.

Mr. Ellis Ames Ballard, who talked on Kipling at a meeting of the Friends of the Library and exhibited many of his Kipling treasures, presented a copy of the beautifully printed catalog of his unexcelled collection. Recent gifts of several William Blake items, from Dr. Burr and Dr. Newton, following the Blake exhibition, were mentioned in the October number of the *Chronicle.*

Perhaps the most important purchase of the year was a complete file of the *Stenographische Protokolle des oesterreichischen Abgeordnetenhauses und des Herrenhauses,* from its beginning in 1848 through 1934, including all accompanying documents. This acquisition, invaluable as source material for study of modern European history, gives us one of not more than two or three complete sets of the Austrian parliamentary debates to be found in America.

Our files of important periodicals were enriched by addition of *Revue de France,* 1921-1930 (59 volumes), and a set of the *Preussische Jahrbücher,* 1858-1890 (64 volumes), which completes our set of this publication from the first to the current volume. The dramatic and theatrical collections were strengthened by a complete file (97 volumes) of *Almanach für Freunde der Schauspiel Kunst,* 1837-1933.

An acquisition of great interest both as history and as an item of Frankliniana is a copy of the ten volumes of

Affaires de l'Angleterre et de l'Amérique, the newspaper edited by Benjamin Franklin and others, in Paris, 1776-1780.

These, and many other noteworthy purchases, have been made possible by some of the endowed funds that have been given at various times for the purchase of important collections, and of individual works of permanent value, too costly to be obtained from the regular University appropriation. Money contributed by Friends of the Library has made possible the purchase of many important current books and works of reference in various fields, and has thus been an invaluable supplement to the allotments made to the different departments. A gift of $550 was received from Dr. A. Edward Newton, president of the Friends, to be added to this fund. The gift of more than $600 from the Delta (University of Pennsylvania) chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, restricted to purchase of books in the humanities, has also enabled us to obtain many important works, mostly of recent date, which could not be obtained from departmental allotments. Looking toward the coming year, it is a pleasure to report that books to the value of $500, at net prices, to be selected by us, are offered us by Mr. John F. Lewis, Jr.

With the aid of this generous gift from Mr. Lewis and of the annual contributions of the members of the Friends of the Library, the prospects for next year are much better than for many years past in regard to the purchase of current books in all fields. At present, the most urgent need is for larger funds for subscriptions to periodicals, journals, and serial publications of other universities and of learned societies and academies, both American and foreign. To the scientific departments, particularly, publications of this nature are all-important, and our present resources are weak. There should be available not less than $1,000 annually, in excess of what we now have, for purchase of these "continuations."

THE BUILDING

Little need be said here concerning the inadequacy of the Library building, for this is widely known. Nearly fifty years

old. Built when the student-body was hardly more than one-tenth of its present size; when the faculty was cautiously, experimentally, beginning to *require* use of the Library as a part of the students' work; when introduction of a typewriter was an event, and possession of a cataloger who was "familiar with its use" was a great stroke of good fortune. The typewriter-resolution of 1896 is highly significant. We were then just emerging from what may be called the pen and ink age. Today, the most precious books and manuscripts, extant perhaps in only one carefully guarded copy, are beginning to be made available to all scholars, everywhere, on micro-photographic films at almost negligible cost; and we view the new development with blasé calm. Truly, the Library has grown, "out of our knowledge," but it is still clothed in the dress of 1891; so many times enlarged and altered that nothing now, short of a new style and a new fitting, will meet its needs.

Much study has been given during the past year to the fundamental, most essential requirements which must be provided for in the new building. The need has a prominent place in the plans for the $12,500,000 bicentennial campaign. It is not too much, we trust, to hope and expect that the bicentennial will find the Library occupying a new building, ample in size for present needs and for future expansion, and carefully planned for the most efficient service possible.

SERVICE AND USE

A chain is as strong as its weakest link; and without too much exaggeration, perhaps, it may be said that a library's service is as efficient as the least competent member of its staff. Not all of its work requires highly trained, expert people; but, having granted this, we like to insist on a fact which is too often ignored or even disputed—that a very large part of its work does require such people; and on the fact that if even the most elementary processes are not well performed, the entire service will suffer.

The staff of the Library (exclusive of six boys employed as pages) consists at present of 45 people. Of these, 26 are

occupied in the various departments concerned with the acquisition, cataloging, binding and repair of books, and 19 with administration, circulation, and reference work.

The Order Department, with a staff of four, not only orders, receives, and checks all books purchased, but handles also everything received by gift, or by exchange from other institutions. It also has charge of the distribution of all publications of this University which are sent to other libraries on exchange. All orders for books to be purchased (representing 11,960 volumes last year) must be carefully checked before the orders are sent, to verify and often to supplement the data given us, and to avoid duplication of material already in the Library. The orders include books and other publications (often obscurely cited and traced with difficulty) in practically every language; books not yet published, and books long since out of print, obtainable only by advertising or from second-hand catalogs. A check must be kept on "standing orders" for annual publications, and on "continuation orders" for works in process of publication over a long period, to be sure that we do not fail to receive new volumes. Orders for books are sent direct to publishers, to local jobbers, to jobbers in other cities, or to English or European agents, as may seem best in each individual case. Bills must be correctly charged against the proper one of eighty different funds (including the departmental allotments made from the University's annual appropriation for the Library).

From the Order Department, all acquisitions go to the Cataloging Department, which now has a staff of 16 to handle the work of classifying and cataloging all material added to the General Library and to the Departmental libraries; including the filing of cards (approximately 150,000 a year) in the public catalogs, and a half-dozen or more other processes in preparation of the books for use.

Classification consists of assigning a "call number" to each book, under the classification system adopted here many years ago—the famous "Dewey Decimal" system, considerably

modified—in order that works on the same subject may stand together on the shelves, and works on related subjects as near together as possible. Works which are of interest in more than one field of knowledge must be placed where they seem likely to be most useful; and the best possible explanation must be given, afterward, to professors interested chiefly in the other fields. Of course no book may have precisely the same number as any other of the more than three-quarters of a million volumes in the Library's collections.

Closely allied with the classification is the choice of subject-headings under which the books should be entered in the catalog. The index of a book, and the catalog of the books contained in a library, should not force the reader to search long, and perhaps at random, to ascertain what there is on the subject in which he is interested. But under what headings will readers be most likely to look? " 'Ay, there's the rub," for the minds of readers can work along lines previously unsuspected by the indexer or the cataloger. He must consider that he has done his duty when he has made an entry, or a cross-reference, under every heading under which a reader may reasonably be expected to look, but this much he must not fail to do; or, as "R.L.S." would have told us, "at least as far as he is able."

As the index of a book is a guide which tells the reader on what pages he will find information on certain subjects; so the catalog of a library is a guide which tells him whether the library contains certain books, and on what shelves—or in what part of the library—those books will be found. Every book must be represented in the catalog by several entries—sometimes by a dozen or more—in order that it may be readily found by the reader whether he looks for it under the name of the author or under the title, or under any of the subject headings that the nature of the book requires.

The books (including pamphlets) classified and cataloged last year numbered 14,865 volumes, representing 8,170 separate works. In addition to the cataloging for our own pur-

poses, many books were cataloged for the Library of Congress in connection with important co-operative work in which we participate, being one of the large research libraries on which the Library of Congress and the Co-operative Cataloging Committee of the American Library Association depends for the cataloging of certain "serial" and other publications.

But the writer lacks time, and the reader lacks patience, for a longer discussion of the intricacies of cataloging for a university library. Despairing of doing justice to the subject, we quote a few lines from *The Song of the Library Staff,* by the late Sam Walter Foss, librarian-poet of Massachusetts:

> Oh, joy! to see the Library staff perpetually jogging,
> And to see the Cataloger in the act of cataloging.
>
> * * * * * * * * * * *
>
> Every language spoke at Babel in the books that pile her table,
> Every theme discussed since Adam—song or story, fact or fable!
> And she sweetly takes all knowledge for her province, as did Bacon,
> All the fruit that's dropped and mellowed since the Knowledge tree was shaken,
> All the ologies of the colleges, all the isms of the schools,
> All the unassorted knowledges she assorts by Cutter's rules;
> Or tags upon each author in large labels that are gluey
> Their place in Thought's great Pantheon in decimals of Dewey.

The Circulation Desk is the point at which most readers and visitors have their first contact with the Library. The privilege of borrowing books is extended automatically, on ap-

plication at the Circulation Desk, to all members of the University body—faculty, students, alumni, and employes. We now have 2,227 registered borrowers among the alumni.

That the Library has grown in this department, as elsewhere, is apparent from a glance over the statistics of former years. Fifteen years ago we had 7,485 registered borrowers. Today we have more than double that number; 15,504. Fifteen years ago the circulation (from the General Library alone, for use of the books outside the building) was 79,559 volumes. Last year it was nearly double that number; 117,691.

The Circulation Department is charged not only with the actual lending of books, and all the numerous processes attendant thereon, but with the care of the stacks and seminars. It has the responsibility of seeing that every book is in its proper place among more than half a million other volumes; or, if it is not in its place, of being expected to ascertain immediately where any one of the half-million, which may be wanted by one of 15,000 readers, happens to be at any particular moment.

Books of assigned reading are of two classes: works which the student is expected to read throughout, and books in which the reading of certain chapters or sections is required. Books of the first group are lent, for seven days, from the Circulation Desk. Those of the second group are handled at the main Reserve-Book Desk in the Reference Room and in the room on the top floor, in which the books on American history and on Wharton School subjects are shelved. The books of this group may be borrowed for overnight use only; apart from this privilege they are for use only in the reading room. With many of them it is necessary to restrict use in the room to two-hour periods. It is often said, and quite truly, that there never *can* be enough copies of a reserved book.

Reserved books are necessarily kept on closed shelves, and can be obtained only on application. One of our hopes for the new building is that all reserves may be handled in one

room, instead of being divided as they now must be; and that the closed-shelf reserves may be supplemented by an open-shelf working collection, of reasonable size, under proper supervision. Such an arrangement would be of educational advantage to the students, making it possible for us to expect them to find more of their own material for class assignments, and enabling the staff to do more effective work in giving the necessary assistance.

The idea of "reference service"—by which is meant all assistance given to readers in finding desired books, answers to specific questions, or the best material on any subject under investigation, whether it is to be found in books, periodicals, government documents, or ephemeral pamphlets—is comparatively new in university libraries. First had to come the idea that students might use the library, if they did so with an irreducible minimum of disturbance to their seniors. Then had to come the idea that they should be required to use it. Now the idea is generally accepted, and to us seems self-evident, that the library must be prepared to give expert guidance and assistance, to enable students and visitors to use it most effectively.

With the co-operation of the College for Women and of several departments of the College and the Wharton School, we are doing more and more, each year, toward giving first-year students a "tour" of the building, with brief explanations of a few of the most essential facts concerning use of the Library. The value of this work has been so abundantly demonstrated that we hope still more of it will become possible. The Freshman who is not utterly bewildered and helpless when thrown into the midst of a large library is a rare exception, almost unknown. Almost as rare is the much more advanced student who does not occasionally stand in need of some information or suggestion, involving the use of reference sources or bibliographies with which he has previously had no acquaintance. In the last ten years we have been able to develop this service to a gratifying extent. Still further development

should come in the future, as rapidly as possible. The library which is not prepared at all times to give expert assistance, in the use of even its most highly specialized resources, is not fulfilling its duty to its clientele, and will suffer immeasurably in reputation.

In some future number of the *Chronicle* we may give an account of some of the many features of our work with which we should like to have the Friends of the Library familiar, but no space remains for this in this number, or for any comment upon the administrative work of the Library. For the present, at least, we must dismiss this with quotation of another line from *The Song of the Library Staff,* a not entirely fanciful description of the head librarian:

"Trying to expend a dollar, when he only has a dime."

FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY

A meeting of the Friends of the Library will be held in the main reading room of the Library at 8:30 p.m. on Thursday, January 21, 1937. An address, illustrated with lantern slides, will be delivered by Mr. Henry Oliver Evans, of Pittsburgh.

During the year 1936 two most enjoyable meetings of the Friends were held: one in January, addressed by Mr. Ellis Ames Ballard, who had placed on display in the Library an exhibition of some of the most valuable items in his collection of Kipling, and delighted a large audience with an informal talk about Kipling's books and his collection of them; and one in October, when Dr. A. Edward Newton gave a memorable talk on William Blake, in connection with the exhibition described in the October *Chronicle.*

The organization of Friends of the Library was formed February 20, 1933, at an informal gathering of twenty-four men. Annual membership is open to everyone on payment of five dollars or more, or on a gift of books of not less than five dollars in value. We now have approximately 100 mem-

bers, and in the four years since organization the contributions, both of money and of books, have been of great value in strengthening the Library's collections. To all the Friends we are most grateful.

"TALCOTT WILLIAMS, Gentleman of the Fourth Estate," by Elizabeth Dunbar

By Dr. Felix E. Schelling

A memorial volume devoted to the man who was called on, by reason of his prominence in the literary and intellectual activities of Philadelphia, to deliver the address on the dedication of the Library of the University, can not but be a matter of moment to that Library and to the University at large. Talcott Williams died less than a decade ago, in his seventies, after a lifetime of journalistic activity spent mostly in the city of Philadelphia, although latterly he had become the Director of the Pulitzer School of Journalism in Columbia. Born in Turkey of a New England missionary family, he was educated at Amherst and in the arduous school of a reporter for the daily papers, until he came to realize in his activity, his alertness, versatility, and universal interests, the very beau-ideal of the newspaper man.

Miss Dunbar's biography is evidently a tribute of devotion, although it would be unfair to suggest that her picture is in any wise distorted by the blindness of hero-worship. The book is unprofessionally written and somewhat unprofessionally printed, but it is none the worse for its unconventionality. Sincerity and an honest devotion to the task are written on every page; however, an occasional comment leaves the reader in no doubt as to the attitude and opinion of the editor, as Miss Dunbar appears to prefer being designated.

The writer of this article knew Talcott Williams well, especially in the earlier days of the Contemporary Club of which

Williams was one of the founders. This was long before the Forums, Art and other Alliances had succeeded to its importance and popularity. I recall that we younger would-be intellectuals looked up on this slender, sad-faced man, his walrus moustache and his lachrymose air, with considerable awe; for, no matter what the topic or the nature of the debate, Williams was always ready to spring full-armed into the arena and have something to say. Morever, he usually said it acceptably, often exceedingly well, presuming on the probability that he was likely to be rather better informed on that particular topic than anyone else in the room and formulating an opinion, if it was not already made, with ease as he walked to the rostrum. It was rumored—a rumor apparently to a degree born out of the facts—that Talcott kept a card catalogue of everything that had happened in at least the last two or three millenniums and of much besides which was likely to happen before long. Certain it is that a prodigious memory enabled him to use his gatherings much as an organist pulls out the appropriate stop—strange misnomer—to start the chimes or the vox humana or the roaring ensemble that makes a Cathedral tremble. In these famous old bouts of the Contemporary, when we endeavored to appraise the rank of Swinburne as a lyrical poet or argue if Browning was really obscure or not, Talcott—not yet known as Doctor Williams—was ever to the front and popularly known among us young unregenerates as Tall-Talk Williams, from the certainty of his deliverances, as our incomparable Miss Repplier—still happily with us—was Miss Replier. Talcott was the only man then extant who was not afraid to speak on the same platform with Miss Repplier; for if you spoke before her, all were eager to have your impertinent preliminary out of the way; if you spoke after, her brilliancy had already eclipsed you.

I have devoted some space to Talcott Williams as a speaker. His talents in that respect were in continual request. But his empire was the written word, and through all the gradations of his profession, which Miss Dunbar chooses to call

the "Fourth Estate," he rose to editorship in more than one important paper and continued contribution to innumerable papers, magazines, journals, encyclopedias, and the like. In an age which had already become highly specialized, even as to newspaper writing, Williams continued a general practitioner, although there were certain topics, the East especially, its politics and archaeology, in which he was considered an expert. He remained throughout his life deeply interested in the people of the Orient and he made one or two pilgrimages there, recording what he saw and what he did as so much additional grist to the busy mill of his writings. Apparently Williams never wrote a book, but articles of his of considerable weight and importance found their way to permanence greater than that of the newspapers, in many encyclopedias and other publications of that kind. A bibliography of the writings of such a man through half a century would rival an attempt to list the activity of DeFoe. Miss Dunbar has wisely attempted nothing of that kind. After all, we must accept news-writing for what it is and not complain that it is not something precluded by its very nature. I recall a chat which I once had with Williams, in which he aptly likened the products of the journalist's art to those of the green-goods man. News is perishable and old news is no more news than a rotten apple is an apple. The newspaper is for a day; the magazine at best for a short month. Happy the book that endures for a year.

Judged by that in which he excelled, Williams was a remarkable man. He was more, for his curiosity and incessant activity kept him interested in everything. In civic life his services included active work, advice and guidance, in religion, charity, politics, education, literature, the drama, and the arts. His private kindnesses and benefactions, according to his means, were many and continual, and toward the end of his life he administered the Pulitzer School of Journalism with zeal and a measurable success. Williams was always a friend of the University of Pennsylvania and active in furthering its interests, especially along the line of archaeology, in

which he had an abiding interest. Miss Dunbar interpolates some clever phrases in designation of her subject, calling her subject in one place "a human kaleidoscope" and telling us elsewhere: "When TW rode a hobby he was spill-proof." It is something to have ridden thus valiantly and successfully through an industrious and adventurous life.

CONFESSIONS OF AN AUTOGRAPH COLLECTOR

By Houston Martin (College '37)

[An exhibit of some of Mr. Martin's autographs will be on view at the Library, December 14-19].

In 1928 I read in the newspapers the story of a young Philadelphian who had written to Associate Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, asking him for his autograph. Justice Holmes was so impressed by the letter that he not only wrote his young correspondent a lengthy reply, but sent him in addition a fine letter written by his father, the poet. That was all the spark needed to ignite the tinder of my imagination.

Immediately I dispatched a letter to Justice Holmes, asking him not only for his own autograph, but for his father's as well. Such is the tact of a novice. Less than a week later I received the following reply:

> My dear boy:
>
> Your letter leaves me a little doubtful whether you are asking for my father's autograph or for mine. If for the former, I am sorry that I cannot gratify you; if only for mine it gives me pleasure to comply with your slight request. I am,
>
> Very faithfully yours,
> Oliver Wendell Holmes

Surely I had a fortune on paper, I thought. But would it not be better to cut the signature off and destroy the letter? The name was all I wanted. To this day I thank whatever

gods there be that I decided in the negative. The letter is still intact. During the next few weeks my school work was neglected. I ran like a whirlwind through *Who's Who?*, garnering the grain from the chaff. To the men with whose names I was familiar I dispatched letters which read something like this: "Dear Mr. X, I am a young man fourteen years old and a collector of autographs. I am sensible of the fact that you have a great many similar requests, but may I impose upon your leisure to the extent of asking you for your signature to add to my collection? Such an addition would indeed be a valuable asset to what may in the future be a great collection."

For months the postman only rang once. Surely he thought that I had suddenly assumed some dignity and importance in the world. Each day saw at least a dozen letters, posted from almost every State in the Union: envelopes bearing the embossed seals of the Governors' Mansions; letters from every department in the United States government; letters, and at first only refusals, from the White House; letters from the Vice-president's chamber and from the Speaker of the House of Representatives. In addition, there were envelopes bearing the addresses of many important offices on Fifth Avenue: letters from financiers, bankers, and presidents of big corporations.

With each new assortment I became more exasperated at the postman. I could see that he was bursting with curiosity, wondering why I should get letters from the White House and from J. Pierpont Morgan; but still he would not ask: whence and whither? Had the postman but held those envelopes to the light, he would have seen that the great majority of them contained small correspondence cards, not letter paper. That made no difference to me. I would rather have the names of the great and the near-great on compact cards which could be fastened neatly into an album, than have them attached to letters which meant nothing in the world to me.

When my collection finally comprised the staggering total

of 200 items, I became inflated with my own self-importance. People on the street, I thought, looked at me more admiringly than before. I tried to be humble, but secretly I was building dream palaces of my own. I sent for elaborate literature describing world cruises, I stopped a little longer in front of windows displaying the latest fashions in men's clothing. I was even presumptuous enough to have visions of a residence on Fifth Avenue, with a retinue of servants and a dozen limousines. But I did not stop to analyse my emotions. The signatures really meant nothing to me. There was no sentimental value attached to them. They were simply a means to an end. A fortune! I had a fortune pasted in a little book.

Then came humility. I took my collection to a dealer in autographs. He offered me three dollars for the lot. If he gave me any more, he said, his profits would be consumed by advertising: it would cost so much to list those famous names on a page of his next catalog. He would charge, he remarked, from ten to fifty cents a signature. I was dumbfounded! World cruises, new clothes, limousines, and servants vanished with the snows of yesteryear.

But I was not defeated. The "fiendish" days of my enthusiasm were over, and I was resolved to be a genuine collector. To that end, I read every book on autograph collecting that I could find; I sought out those who knew more about the game than I, and in a year I was about it again.

In the meantime, however, I examined my early collection of signatures, marvelling at my peerless ignorance and want of tact. Several of the names went deeper than my eye: I had seen this man's name in the headlines, but what did he do? What was he noted for? That man, I had heard, had written a book which was supposedly very good, but what was it about? I became mentally alert, mentally alive; I wanted to give these names, which hung like mist in my mind, more than "a local habitation and a name." Justice Holmes was the first approached. First I read about him, learned

to admire the man, and then I read the man himself, going even so far as to read some of the decisions he had written for the Supreme Court. I soon learned that he was a consummate master of the English language; I studied his style and tried to imitate it. But even more I studied the man, and it was not long before I learned his true worth. Today Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes is a god in my heaven of heroes.

Other names did not interest me so much: I soon learned that many of the men and women were here today and gone tomorrow. But I did learn one thing from them: I began to develop a sense of values. I found myself unconsciously studying the men and women, trying to evaluate their contributions to society. As a consequence I destroyed all but a score of my signatures, and I am happy to remember today that there was not one orchestra leader or ball player among them. Another thing which I learned was that the men and women whom I grew to like were, for the most part, writers. I began to read what they had written and what others had written. I developed an intense love for literature, which has strengthened with the passing of time, and is today one of the great joys of my life. Had I never had this early experience at collecting, would I ever have read these authors? Perhaps not.

Time passed and experience grew. I began to want only the autographs of those people whom I admired. The best way to get something really worth while from them, I thought, was to study what they had written and then write them about it. Little did I know then that that idea was the germ of a great adventure. True to the tradition of autograph collectors, I approached the Presidents of the United States and a few of the abler statesmen. I studied the accomplishments of these men, enriching my own knowledge the while, and then wrote to them, usually asking some questions which I thought they would answer.

The real autographs began to come: letters from Coolidge,

Hoover, and Roosevelt. If I liked an official's political speech, I wrote a criticism of it and asked him for the manuscript. I did not meet with success in every case, to be sure, but what I did get compensated for what I missed. Among my most prized possessions of the political autographs are several manuscripts on the subject of patriotism, written by some of the most important men in the country. I cultivated the friendship of a United States Senator, who was a friend of my family. There was a purpose in my madness, and soon it brought results. One day, in the summer of 1934, the Senator, after seeing my collection, gave me permission to go through the files in his office. I could have any and as many letters as I wanted, he said, provided I would leave him a copy of each one I took. The things I found were enough to make the eyes of the most apathetic observer widen with amazement. There was a last letter from Calvin Coolidge, written only a short time before his death; a letter, marked "Personal," from Herbert Hoover, and dated one month after President Roosevelt took the oath of office, in which the former President gave in unmistakable terms what was perhaps his first indictment of the Roosevelt administration. There were also important letters from the then Prime Minister of England, Ramsay MacDonald, Senator Borah, and a host of others, to say nothing of a war message to Congress, autographed by Woodrow Wilson, in which the War President pledged the United States to absolute neutrality. This message was delivered several weeks before America entered Armageddon.

I soon learned from these letters, and others which I received myself, that the famous collector was right when he said: "A letter from Napoleon on the affairs of State is more important than a letter from Napoleon to his tailor." Yet, these letters left me a little cold. To be sure it was nice to have them, but they registered little if any personal sentiment within me. I was interested in politics, but even more interested in literature. I would write to the authors.

When I prepared to do this I found, to my intense astonishment and joy, that I no longer wanted autographs for any emolument which they might bring, but only for the knowledge and the sheer pleasure I would have in corresponding with men and women whose books I had read and enjoyed.

The year 1934 was the millennium. I wrote to the famous authors of England and America whose books I had read with profit and pleasure. I did not ask these men and women for their autographs; I enclosed a self-addressed and stamped envelope in a letter in which I had criticized their work, and asked several questions about it which I thought might anticipate a reply. The result was astounding. No longer did the wondering postman, whose curiosity had been somewhat modified by the passing of time, bring me signatures, but letters, real letters, two, three, and four pages in length—letters which said something and which served a purpose. Whenever possible I visited the authors in person. I had a long chat with Owen Wister, at the conclusion of which he gave me a copy of *The Virginian,* on the title-page of which he inscribed that famous remark, "When you call me *that,* smile!" I visited John Dewey, Edwin Markham, William Allen White, and a score of other writers. Their remarks, their very presence, widened the periphery of my vision and inspired my mind with humility and thought.

March, 1934, was a memorable month. I had corresponded several times with Edwin Arlington Robinson, the American poet, for whose work I entertained the deepest admiration and respect. In his last letter Robinson asked me to visit him when I was next in New York. One afternoon in the early spring I spent four hours alone with him, discussing poets and their art. Robinson read some of his own poetry to me, something which he had never done in public. At my request he copied out in longhand one of his most famous poems.

The next day I travelled to Amherst to see Robert Frost. It was Sunday, and Mrs. Frost, who answered the door, told

me that Mr. Frost was entertaining friends and would be unable to see me. When I told her that I had come from Philadelphia for the express purpose of talking with the poet, she showed me into the library, where Mr. Frost soon made his appearance. Friends were forgotten and we enjoyed a two-hour talk. When I left the poet gave me a copy of a then unpublished poem, and wrote on the back of it, in longhand, his famous "Fire and Ice."

In the same year, 1934, and in the late months of 1933, I carried on a correspondence with George Santayana. The letters which the philosopher wrote to me are brilliant examples of the perfect prose which comes from his pen, rarely if ever surpassed. In one letter he wrote that "the necessary and reasonable faith is not faith in something fantastic: it is an *animal faith* antecedent to intelligence and to knowledge—a disposition to seek and to trust the order of nature by which, in action, we seem to be surrounded." At another time he sent me, in manuscript, an unpublished sonnet, "On the Three Philosophical Poets."

My interest in poetry was broadening. It was not long before I left the state of enchanted madness and began to develop a genuine taste for good poetry. Not so many months before I had tacitly placed all those who followed the Muse in the category with bullfinches and butterflies. I read not only poems, now, but poets, then wrote a criticism of their work and sent it to them, with a request for a manuscript of my favorite poem. My success was surprising: "When you are old and grey and full of sleep," "The Spires of Oxford," "O world, be nobler, for her sake," "A Ballad of London," and "Tears" are only a few of the score or so which I received.

This new interest, inspired for the most part by my love of collecting, soon introduced me to the poet who has become the cornerstone and the *raison d'être* of my collecting—to the poet who has become the great literary discovery of my youth —A. E. Housman.

From the beginning I was a Shropshire lad—nourished on

thoughts of love and the cruelty of the grave; on the beauty of a cherry-tree and the sorrow of the falling of its leaves. My early interest demanded a more intimate acquaintance with the writer of these poems: his reticence, his aloofness, his modesty forbade it. To my friends he was only a name and a legend: yet I was impressed by the strength of this intelligence which had nourished itself in silence. I could find little in print about him; yet, I felt that I *must* know him. The temerity of youth, my interest and determination, combined with what I suppose I must call boyish enthusiasm and peerless want of tact finally wrenched from the unwilling Cambridge professor of Latin the first brief letters which inspired me to follow the gleam. My enthusiasm, however, carried me beyond the province of the poet himself: it led me to obscure sources for new material and into correspondence with the poet's brother and with his famous contemporaries.

In his letters, which number a dozen, are manifest the wit, the sarcasm, the *riposte brillant,* which have made him both feared and admired by all manner of men with whom in any way he has come in contact. But if they are remarkable for their "spurts of mockery," they are no less remarkable for their interpretation of the more serious side of Housman's nature. Here are manifestations of a Housman not found in his poems. These letters, together with a brief summary of the poet's life and a survey of his unpublished work, will be published in the Winter issue of *The Yale Review.*

Several months after the death of A. E. Housman, his brother, Laurence, wrote me that I had got more letters out of the poet "than any other individual, who had not his personal acquaintance, managed to do." May be the laborer is not worthy of his reward. Be that as it may, Housman remains for me today the same as he was in the beginning—the poet of beauty and the sorrow of beauty; of love and the sorrow of love; of the pains of birth and the ineluctable anodyne of the grave.